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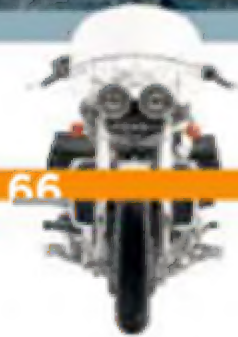
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— THE ONE —



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Editor's note

06/2007

Every year around this time, I get a powerful urge to light a Dumpster on fire with a

geometry book. Then, for reasons I still can't fully understand, I want to rip the door off my locker, smash all those oppressive fluorescent lights, and head out to the parking lot to piss in the vice-principal's Saturn. Of course, I haven't had a locker—or a vice-principal—in years, but I still can't help it. I'm programmed this way. We all are. A long time ago, our local school boards set the schedule—based on agriculture, air-conditioning costs, and the problems that would surely arise by filling a room with two dozen 13-

year-olds in cutoffs—and we're still living with it.

And so, every June, we can't help but lose our minds a little. We all seek out a taste of freedom, a quick trip back to our primal selves, so we tear off our shirts (page 38), throw slabs of meat on the fire (page 40), and toss our inhibitions aside like an empty bottle of Olde English (page 139). And maybe that's exactly as it should be, because if that hot, careless season between the Kentucky Derby and the debut of the new TV shows didn't actually exist, then we'd need to invent something to unlock the full reserve of rebellion and joy we keep bottled up inside. And if the calendar fails to awaken your inner summer caveman, the Malibu Barbies on page 128 certainly will not. 

Mark Healy
Mark Healy,
Editor in Chief

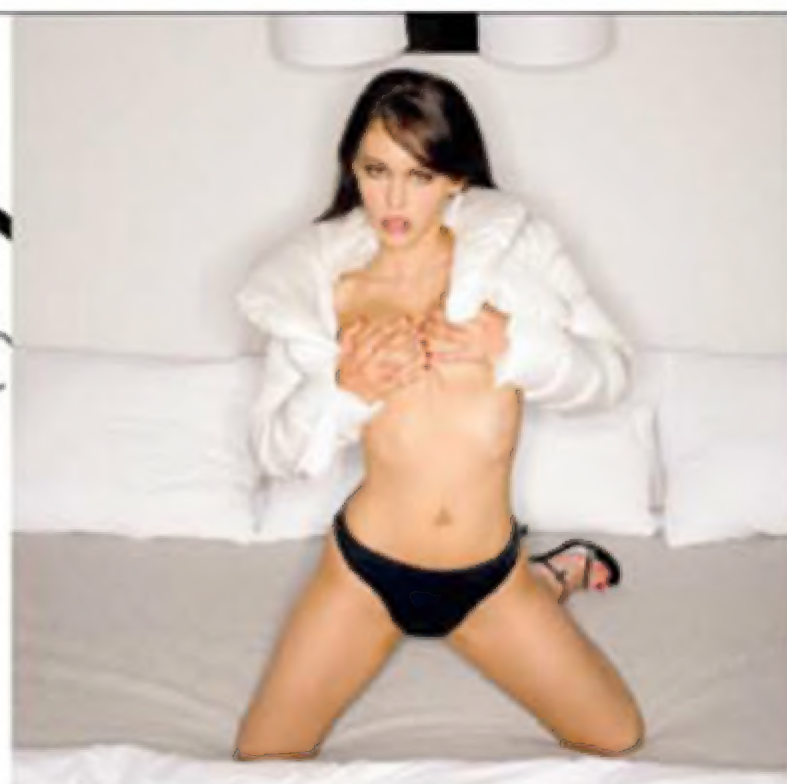


G-STRING AWARDS



DEBT REPORT

EVERY JUNE, WE CAN'T HELP BUT LOSE OUR MINDS A LITTLE. ALL WE WANT IS A TASTE OF FREEDOM, A QUICK TRIP BACK TO OUR PRIMAL SELVES.



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Making a Move



The night started out like every other Friday night—drinking with some coworkers. But when our little group started to disperse, I found myself alone with Astrid, the lone star of all my fantasies.

Astrid told me her boyfriend was out of town and asked if I would mind giving her a lift home. We'd known each other for about a year and we always seemed to be drawn to each other—whether at the office or in a social setting—but I had never tried to pursue anything with her. Office affairs can make things awkward, especially when they don't turn out well. There also was the issue of her having a live-in boyfriend, but on this particular night there was definitely something in the air.

When we arrived at her place and she invited me in for a nightcap, I knew we were about to go beyond the realm of just friends—coworkers or not. She poured us each a glass of wine, and we sat on the couch talking about the office. When things got quiet and Astrid leaned forward to kiss me, I wasn't at all surprised. The first kiss was casual, lasting only a few seconds, but the feel of her soft lips

against mine had my cock stiffening and straining against the confines of my pants. When Astrid said she'd been wanting to kiss me for a long time, I told her that I felt the same way, and that I wouldn't mind in the least if she wanted to kiss me again.

The next kiss had a lot more heat to it, with open mouths, twisting tongues, and roaming hands. When we finally came up for air, Astrid said she wanted to make love to me and pulled me into the bedroom.

Between kisses, we removed each other's clothes. My heart raced at

THE NEXT KISS HAD A LOT MORE HEAT TO IT, WITH OPEN MOUTHS, TWISTING TONGUES, AND ROAMING HANDS.

the sight of her full breasts and large, perky nipples. She was more desirable than I had ever imagined. "God! You're gorgeous from head to toe," I said as I slowly laid her down on the bed. I was finally getting to feel those full breasts and kiss them to my heart's content. While I got my fill, Astrid's hands found their way to my aching cock.

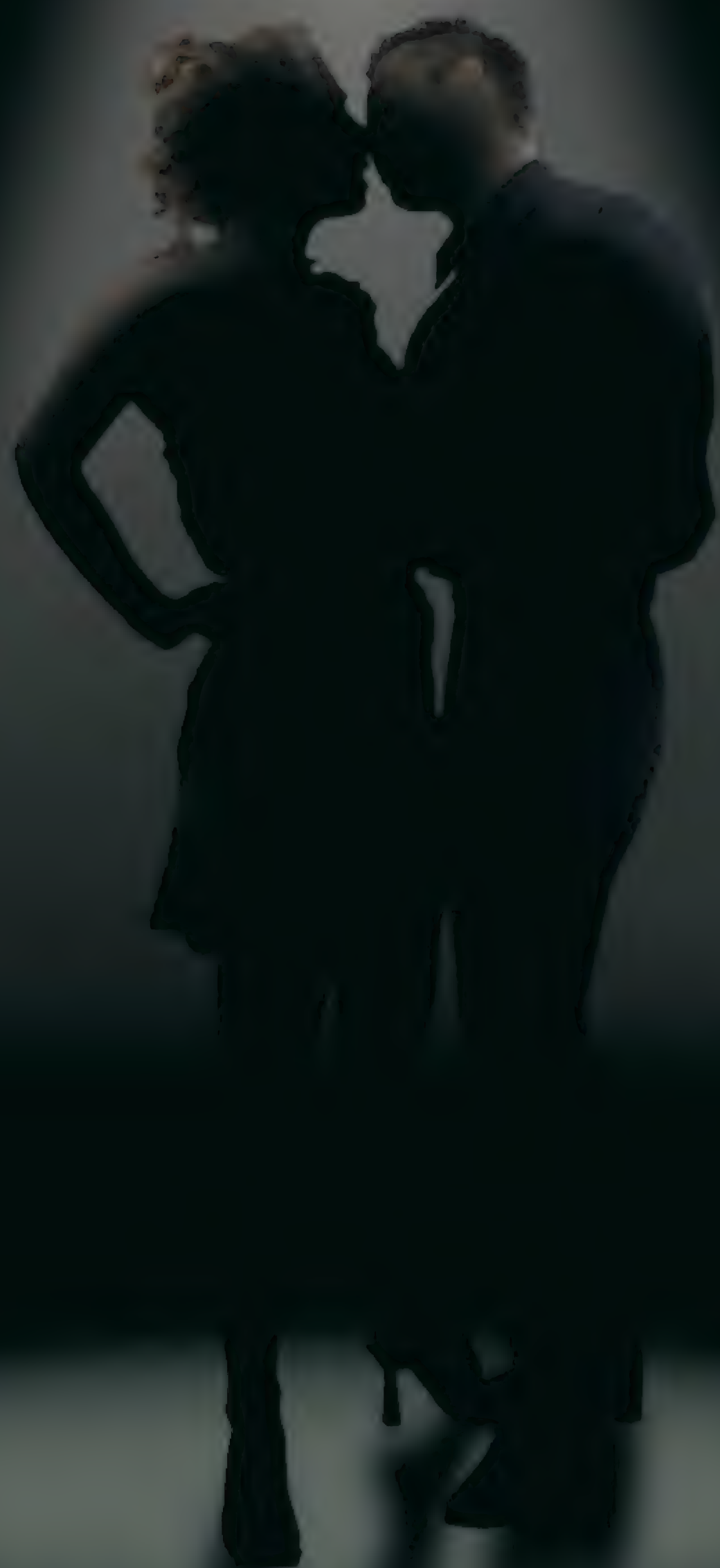
"Michael, I've been dreaming about this for so long, and I don't want to wait. I want you inside me now," she pleaded as she gently squeezed my cock and guided it toward her moist opening. Apparently I would have to wait to find out how sweet she tasted, and how she looked when I went down on her and made her come. I could only hope this wouldn't be a one-shot deal.

With Astrid now gripping my ass and urging me on, I pushed into her. She moaned and arched her back to meet that initial thrust, then wrapped her legs around my back and pulled me down for another kiss. I moved my lips to her ear and told her how good it felt to finally be inside her. Then I kissed her neck and started fucking her the way I'd fucked her hundreds of times in my fantasies. Our mutual need for each other surged and we found our rhythm, moving in tandem as if we'd been lovers before. If I could have slowed down I would have, but I just couldn't hold back, and neither could she. Astrid screamed my name and shuddered uncontrollably as I came deep inside her.

We spent the rest of that night making up for lost time. We've even managed to hook up on several other occasions since then. But it's starting to get tricky since she's still living with her boyfriend and we don't want our coworkers to find out. Astrid knows it's totally up to her whether she tells her boyfriend or not—but in the meantime, seeing her on the down-low is a major turn-on!—*M.V., Minnesota*

More letters on page 145

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.



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EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125
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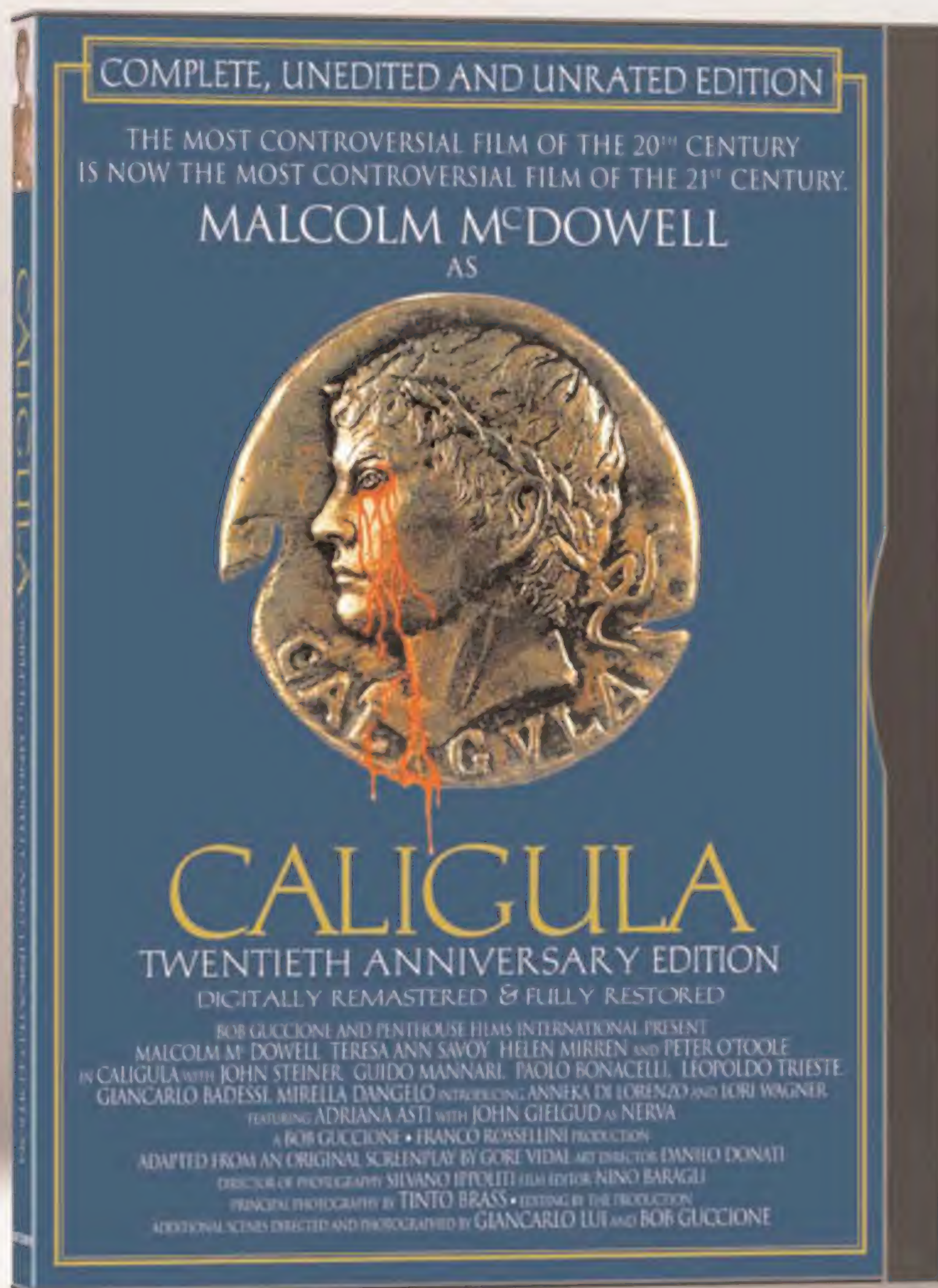
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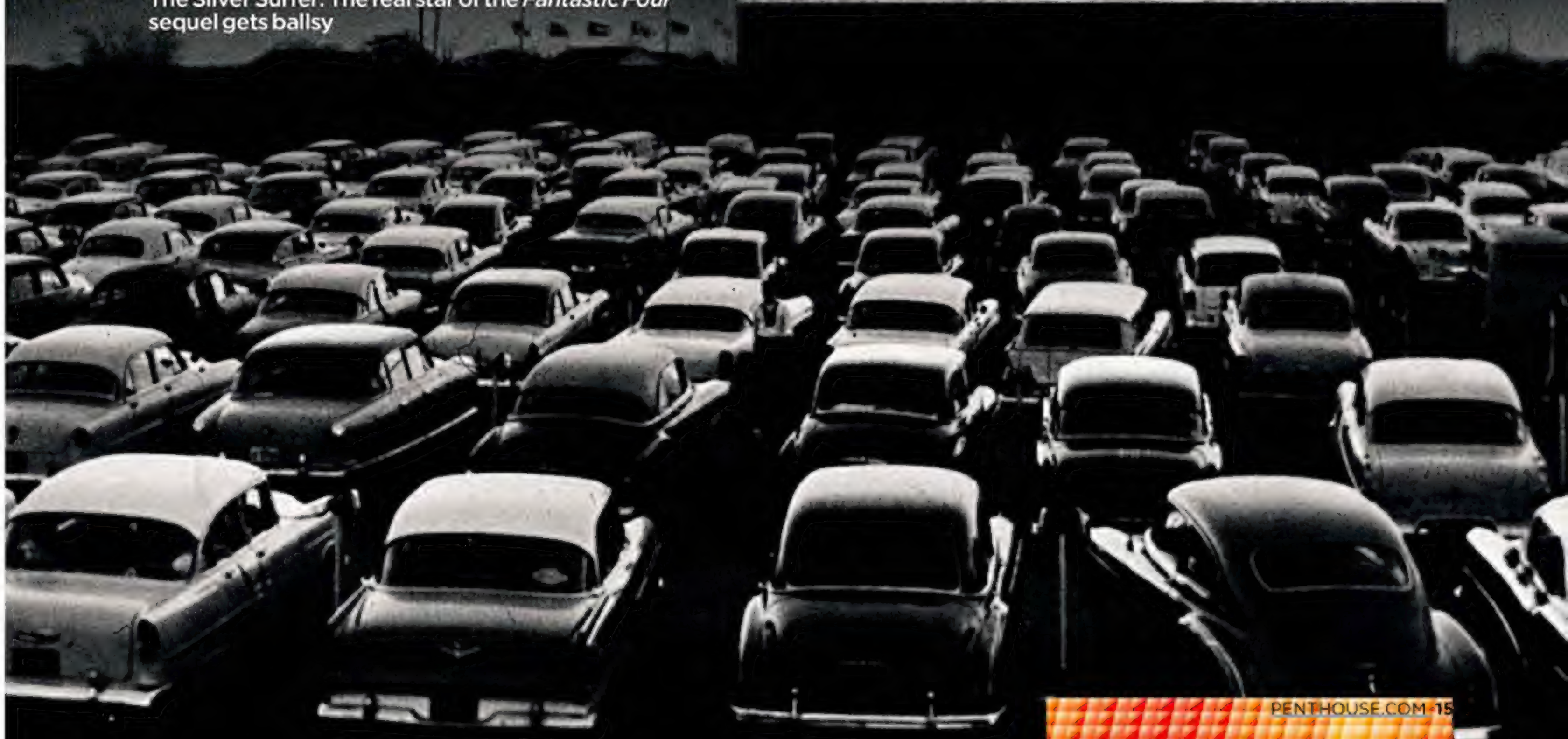
Screen Daze

The *Penthouse* Summer Movie Preview

Summer is as much about bombastic, ludicrously expensive movies as it is about cookouts and sleepaway camp. And whether those movies are about aliens, superheroes, varmints, or virgins, they rank up there in the memory bank with the car you drove and the girl you drove around with. We've got a sneak peek at just about everything worth seeing this year, and we've set up a completely arbitrary head-to-head competition of eight likely contenders for the most memorable, quotable, repeat-viewable flick of the season—and yes, we had the balls to pick a winner.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- 16** Summer Movie Hall of Fame
A timeline of flicks that defined the summer
- 18** The Guru of Gore
Meet the sickest man on the planet—*Hostel: Part II* director Eli Roth
- 20** Team Apatow
A roster of *Knocked Up* director Judd Apatow's favorite players
- 21** Creature Feature
The Silver Surfer: The real star of the *Fantastic Four* sequel gets ballsy



The Blockbou

No doubt there will be a bunch of movies but which one will you be quoting come



THE SIMPSONS MOVIE

Has it only been 18 years? *The Simpsons* gets a long-overdue movie. Best-case scenario: The all-star writers from the past decade give it the irreverent shot in the arm it needs.



RUSH HOUR 3

After a six-year hiatus, Brett Ratner finishes his *Rush Hour* trilogy—in Paris. Expect more cultural confusion, Michael Jackson references, and Jackie Chan flipping around.



THE SIMPSONS MOVIE

The laundry list of cartoon cameos easily trumps Chris Tucker one-liners. And while action movies are hard to beat, even bad *Simpsons* episodes are pretty hilarious.



TRANSFORMERS

If you're over, say, 30, you couldn't care less about this. But Michael Bay—master of all things fiery and slow-mo—may have turned a terrible idea into a terrific popcorn flick.



LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD

So, the *Die Hard* franchise is taking its name literally. Bruce Willis is back, with Mac man Justin Long and Kevin Smith. We're afraid we'll end up laughing at it, not with it.



TRANSFORMERS

These two eighties relics will both have huge explosions, plus unbelievable CGI. But the robots are bigger than anything else you'll see this summer.



TRANSFORMERS

The Simpsons' recent mediocre seasons make us uneasy. Though Michael Bay has conveyed breathless excitement on his blog, nobody was as enthused as he was—until the first trailer came out.

THE WINNER: TRANSFORMERS

Autobots, roll out! Summer is for theatrical spectacles, and Michael Bay has made a career out of delivering them. And God knows he's due for a hit.

THE PENTHOUSE SUMMER MOVIE HALL OF FAME. Ever since *Jaws* cleared the beaches in 1975, summer has been dominated by big movies. By Kara Wahlgren



1977

STAR WARS: "May the Force be with you." Dude, it's still with us.

ANIMAL HOUSE: "Fat, drunk, and stupid is no way to go through life."

1978

1979

ALIEN: The mother of all sci-fi horror movies, the hot action heroine, and exploding torsos.

1980

CADDYSHACK: "In the immortal words of Jean-Paul Sartre, 'Au revoir, gopher.'"

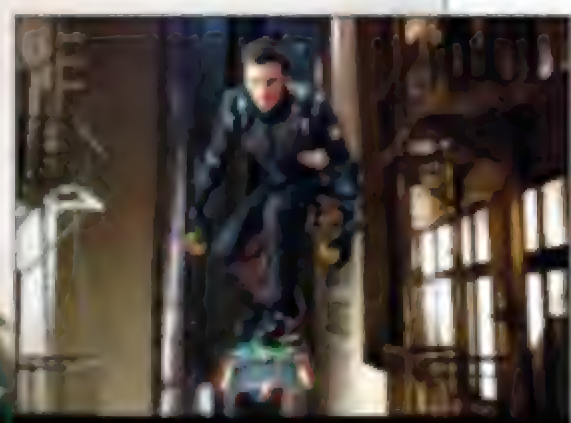
1981



RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK: "In a thousand years, even you may be worth something."

ster Bake-Off

that will make a gazillion dollars this summer, Labor Day? Jonathan Stern picks a winner.



SPIDER-MAN 3

Even Rogen's *Knocked Up* pals would rather be watching *Spider-Man 3*. The ace up Spidey's lycra sleeve is Venom, but without a fourth flick on the horizon, we're afraid it's a one-shot deal. We're taking points off for being a tease.

The ace up Spidey's lycra sleeve is Venom, but it's a one-shot deal. Those robots are bigger than anything else you'll see this summer.



SPIDER-MAN 3

Bourne is badass, but the web crawler facing his toughest foe in the conclusion of a consistently solid trilogy had our inner ten-year-old camped out at the theater months ago.



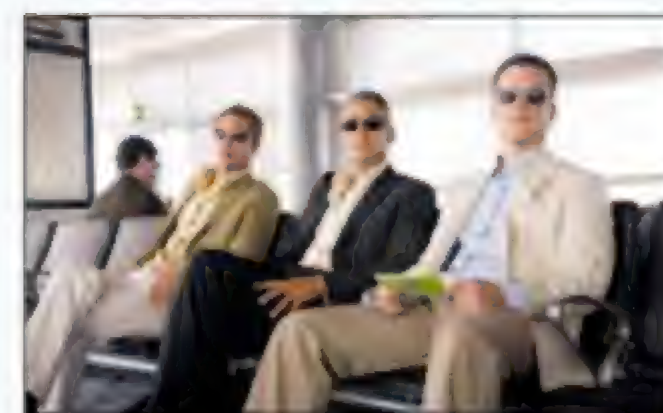
THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM

Jason Bourne has been kicked around, shot at, and double-crossed in the most reliable spy thrillers in years. We're looking forward to the over-the-top stunts and plot twists.



SPIDER-MAN 3

We get the Venom suit, a new Goblin, and Sandman in action. Director Sam Raimi is still paying close attention to the comic books—but he isn't afraid to take a few liberties.



OCEAN'S THIRTEEN

It's back to Vegas for George Clooney, Brad Pitt, and company. Cast additions include Al Pacino, Ellen Barkin, and—if there's any truth to the rumors—Angelina Jolie.



KNOCKED UP

We'll take the slacker father-to-be over the unnecessary sequel. *Grey's Anatomy* hottie Katherine Heigl is finally in something we want to see, and we love Seth Rogen's dry wit.



KNOCKED UP

An unlikely couple gets pregnant from a one-night stand, then tries to make a go of it. Judd Apatow's script is full of brilliant, barbed dialogue. We bow down to you, Paul Rudd.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TIMELINE) THE KOBAL COLLECTION, (RUSH HOUR 3) 2007 GLEN WILSON/NEW LINE CINEMA, (OCEAN'S THIRTEEN) MELINDA SUE GORDON

1982

FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT
HIGH: Phoebe Cates shows how to give a blowjob. 'Nuff said.

1983

RISKY BUSINESS: It's hard out there for a pimp, but it seems it can get you into Princeton.

1984

GHOSTBUSTERS: They came, they saw, they kicked its ass!

1985

BACK TO THE FUTURE: That baby hit 88 and we saw some serious shit.

1986

FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF: He taught us almost everything about shirking responsibility.

The Guru of Gore

Eli Roth's *Hostel: Part II* has more tortured travelers and even more unrepentant gore. Meet the man behind the misery.

By Daniel Nemet-Nejat

Eli Roth is the de facto leader of the Splat Pack, a close-knit group of filmmakers who, over the past five years, have brought some balls back to American horror. "All I wanted to do was bring back R-rated horror movies," says Roth humbly, but the 35-year-old certainly appears to be leading the charge. Both his 2002 debut, *Cabin Fever*, and 2005's *Hostel* harken back to the glory days of horror classics. *Hostel* set a new standard for violence. Everyone has their favorite nausea-inducing moment: the sliced Achilles; the severed toes; the infamous "eye-gasm," as Roth refers to it on the DVD commentary.

What kind of man comes up with that shit? The kind of man whose bar mitzvah cake was decorated as a director's slate with spattered blood.

Roth's love of blood and guts began when he was eight. Inspired by *Alien*, he began shooting shorts, making more than 50 by the end of high school. While he was at NYU film school, Roth partially funded his projects by working as an online-sex operator for *Penthouse*. "My last night, my friend and I outed ourselves as guys," Roth recalls. "The response was, 'Shut up. Tell us about your tits.' They didn't want to believe it."

At that point, all Roth wanted to do

was make a low-budget movie. "Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead* and all my favorite films were shot for under half a million dollars," he says, so he created a story with his roommate about five college graduates staying in a remote cabin who fall victim to a flesh-eating virus. It took six years to raise the money. Along the way, Roth created the animated series *Chowdaheads*, which developed a cult following. He worked as an assistant for, among others, Howard Stern and David Lynch, whose brief involvement as an executive producer helped Roth finally secure financing. Buoyed by its retro-style gore and nudity—and surprisingly good reviews—*Cabin Fever* grossed more than \$30 million at the box office.

Roth was offered a number of Hollywood projects, including a big-screen version of *Baywatch*. At the urging of his comrade in ultra-violence, Quentin Tarantino, Roth instead decided to raise \$3 million through his own production company, Raw Nerve, to make a film about a trio of hedonistic American travelers who fall victim to an Eastern European torture ring. *Hostel* would be Roth's take on Takashi Miike's work (the Japanese director of terror classics gave his seal of approval with a cameo in the film). It became a sensation, grossing \$80 million in worldwide box office and another \$100 million on DVD. Roth had



1987

FULL METAL JACKET: "If I'm gonna get my balls blown off for a word, my word is *poontang*."

1988

BULL DURHAM: A-list stars bring soft-core porn to the masses.

1989

DO THE RIGHT THING: "I'm just ... trying to keep my dick hard in a cruel and harsh world."

1990

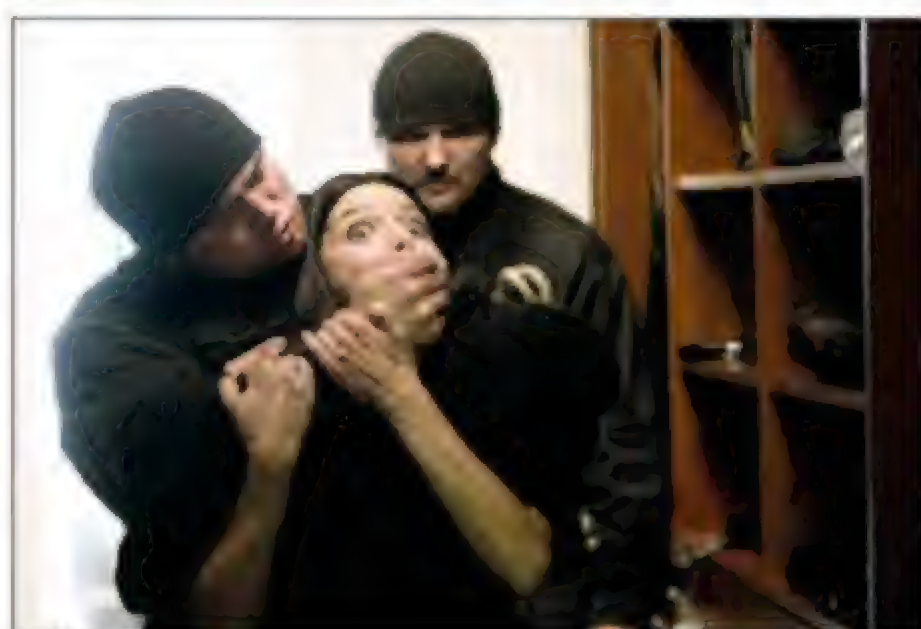
TOTAL RECALL: "Don't fuck with your brain, pal. It ain't worth it."

1991

T2: JUDGMENT DAY: "All you create is death and destruction." And a half billion bucks.



The girls of *Hostel* hell: Bijou Phillips (right) gets bound and gagged; Lauren German (below) is double teamed.



"I had to be really careful in the torture scenes because it's not fun to watch. If guys are getting tortured, it's a brutal horror movie. If girls are getting tortured, you're misogynistic."

become a horror superstar.

Roth thinks the nude scenes and gross-out terror make his movies perfect date flicks. "Afterward, your date is freaked out, and you're like, 'Oh, come on, sleep over.' There are *Hostel* babies out there."

In *Hostel: Part II*, Roth focuses on the torturers: "They're normal guys doing a horrible, horrible thing. I think that's what's going to make the film really disturbing. People are terrified of that person in church who has never done anything wrong. Think of the BTK killer—he was in church, he was a Cub Scout leader. Who knew?"

What ups the ante is that the victims are now three women (Bijou Phillips, Heather Matarazzo, and Lauren German). "I had to be really careful in the torture scenes because it's not fun to watch," Roth says. "If guys are getting tortured, it's a brutal horror movie. If girls are getting tortured, you're misogynistic."

Don't think that means you won't be grossed out. Roth boasts that there were times when even he had to look away in disgust. "Those are the moments you live for," he says. "When I know it's fake but the image is so upsetting that I can't even look, you know you're on to something."

"THE KING OF RARE DISEASES AND OBSCURE VIRUSES"

King of Pain

When Eli Roth uses a flesh-eating infection in a movie, he knows what he's talking about.

"Looking back on my medical mishaps, it's no coincidence I make such violent films, since I felt like I was healthy one minute and near death the next. It kept happening to me, over and over. All those bizarre freak illnesses led to *Cabin Fever*."

"I had some kind of skin infection that caused my skin to rip off. One morning I tried shaving and took half

my face off. The look on the doctor's face at the ER said that they had never seen anything like it. The doctor gave me some steroid cream, and a few days later it cleared up."

"When I was 12, I was bedridden for a month with toxic synovitis. I sat up all night reading *Fangoria* magazine and watching horror movies."

"When I was 17, I came back from Russia with a parasite called giardia. I can't really explain what that was like other than it felt like there was a volcano inside my stomach for nearly a year. Oh, and I had mononucleosis on top of it."

"As if all that and an unidentifiable Icelandic ringworm weren't enough, when I was 22, I woke up one morning looking like someone had ripped up my legs with a gardening tool while I was asleep. Welcome to psoriasis. I called my father and he said, 'Well, aren't you a site for *psor-i-a-sis*. Get it?' It was actually pretty funny."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ELI ROTH) TIM PALEN, (HOSTEL: PART II) RICO TORRES, (TIMELINE) THE KOBAL COLLECTION

1992

THE PLAYER: Robert Altman skewers Hollywood and lets us in on the joke.

1993



DAZED AND CONFUSED: It opened in fall, but we know a summer flick when we see it.

1994

SPEED: Lucky Dennis Hopper got to tell Keanu Reeves, "Do not attempt to grow a brain!"

1995

BRAVEHEART: "Freedooooommm!"

1996

INDEPENDENCE DAY: "Let's nuke the bastards."



Team Apatow

The creative force behind *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* never leaves a man behind. By Raegan Johnson

Judd Apatow got his start writing for the brilliant but canceled *Ben Stiller Show*, then cocreated the brilliant but canceled *Freaks and Geeks* and *Undeclared*. Now that he's a Hollywood bigwig with *Anchorman*, *The*

40-Year-Old Virgin, and the upcoming *Knocked Up* under his belt, he still relies on the cast and crew that got him to the top. Here are some of the first-string players that Apatow consistently calls on to hit it out of the park, and the Apatow projects they've worked on.



SHAUNA ROBERTSON

Producer, go-to girl
Coproducted *Knocked Up*; *Anchorman*; *Wake Up, Ron Burgundy*; *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*; *Super Bad* (2007); *The Pineapple Express* (2008); *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* (2008).



SETH ROGEN

Boy wonder
Appeared in *Freaks and Geeks*, *Undeclared*, *Anchorman*, *40-Year-Old Virgin*. Stars in *Knocked Up*; cowrote *Drillbit Taylor* (2007); writing and starring in *Super Bad* (2007), *The Pineapple Express* (2008).



JASON SEGEL

Lead actor, writer
Starred in *Freaks and Geeks* and *Undeclared*; featured in *Knocked Up*; wrote and stars in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* (2008).



BEN STILLER

Actor
Judd wrote for *The Ben Stiller Show*; he wrote and Stiller starred in *Heavy Weights*; Stiller was in *The Cable Guy* and one episode each of *Freaks and Geeks* and *Undeclared*, and had a cameo in *Anchorman*.



WILL FERRELL

Lead actor, writer, comedic muse
After acting in one episode of *Undeclared*, cowrote and starred in *Anchorman*. Starred in *Kicking & Screaming*, *Talladega Nights*; starring in *Step Brothers* (2008).



ADAM MCKAY

Triple threat
Executive-produced, cowrote, and acted in *Talladega Nights*; wrote and acted in *Anchorman* and *Wake Up, Ron Burgundy*; cowrote *Step Brothers* (2008).



JOHN C. REILLY

Lead actor
Joined the Apatow team late in the game, but is now hitting fast and hard with *Talladega Nights* and the upcoming *Walk Hard* and *Step Brothers* (both 2008).



PAUL FEIG

Writer, producer, director, actor
Feig and Apatow cowrote and cocreated *Freaks and Geeks*; Feig directed an episode of *Undeclared* and acted in *Heavy Weights*.



LESLIE MANN

Actress, all-star funny chick, spouse
Apatow and Mann met on the set of *The Cable Guy*. Acted in one episode of *Freaks and Geeks*, *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, and *Knocked Up*, and stars in *Drillbit Taylor* (2007).



JONAH HILL

Actor, the rookie
Had a small role in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*; featured in *Knocked Up*; stars in *Super Bad* (2007). Apatow Productions purchased a comedy script he wrote called *The Middle Child*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) JOHN SCIULLI/WIREIMAGE.COM, WILL DAVIES/RETNA LTD., LESTER COHEN/WIREIMAGE.COM, STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM, NO CREDIT (3), MIKE GUASTELLA/WIREIMAGE.COM, STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM

1997

AUSTIN POWERS: Paper-thin plot, scenery chomping, and quotes that are still in rotation.

1998

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY: Come jokes may never be this funny again.

1999

AMERICAN PIE: It changed the way we think about band camp, cloudy beer, apple pie.

2000

GLADIATOR: A slave became more powerful than the emperor. We were not vexed.

2001

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS: "It doesn't matter if you win by an inch or a mile."



Creature Feature

You may not recognize Doug Jones, but his movies have banked more than a billion dollars. As the *Fantastic Four*'s new nemesis, the Silver Surfer, he heralds earth's destruction. It's time to know thy enemy. By Kara Wahlgren

Besides returning as Abe Sapien, he'll play a dark angel, a chamber keeper, and possibly a befuddled wizard.

But first comes the *Fantastic Four* sequel on June 15, in which Jones gets his superhero on as the Silver Surfer, former scientist Norrin Radd, who was minding his own business on his home planet of Zenn-La when globe-eater Galactus paid a visit. To save his planet—and his girl—Radd offers his eternal services to Galactus. "Right then and there I'm in love with the Surfer, because that was a very sacrificial move on his part," Jones says. "He has a sense of duty like no other superhero. He's very regal, valiant, stoic, heroic—everything I'm not—and I think that's why I loved crawling into his skin so much.

"If you see pictures of me in real life, you know I ain't no Surfer," Jones adds. "The costumes gave me an absolutely stunning silhouette. That's the nice thing about a tall skinny guy—you can make him any shape and size you want. They built up my chest, shoulders, and buttocks. I have never seen an ass that pretty in my life." The Surfer has already caused controversy among hard-core fans, who have been dissecting the movie's trailer frame by frame to analyze ... his balls. Indeed, for a second, there does seem to be some mercurial junk hanging loose. "I think someone had a little digital fun," Jones says. "I never walked out of the makeup trailer with my business hanging out."

While Jones and his *cojones* await reaction to the Surfer's big-screen debut, he has a long-shelved remake of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and a midlife-crisis dramedy called *Knock Knock* (he plays a fortysomething goth wannabe) in the works. But he won't be giving up creature work. "As long as the phone keeps ringing, I'll keep doing it," he says—and chances are, the phone will keep ringing. "Guillermo introduced me recently as 'the Fred Astaire of monsters,'" Jones adds. "That was the hugest compliment I'd ever heard."

It took Doug Jones six hours to transform into the title character in *Pan's Labyrinth*—six long, boring, thirsty hours. "I went all day without peeing," he says. "When you've got a very small opening and fingers that are glued on, it makes for a dangerous mess." But it paid off last February, when *Pan's Labyrinth* earned three Academy Awards, including one for Achievement in Makeup. "I was making a jackass of myself at the Oscars," he says. "Everybody sitting around me was like, 'Who's that, and why is he screaming so much?'"

That's the downside to being one of the most popular creature actors in the biz—no one knows who the hell you are. But when a director

needs someone to, say, crawl inside a cockroach costume and terrorize a subway system, Jones is the go-to guy. During his three-day stint on 1997's creepy-crawly thriller *Mimic*, the actor bonded with director Guillermo del Toro over a love of creature effects. "First and foremost, Guillermo's a fanboy," Jones says. "But he's a visionary. If he asked me to take a crap on film, I would take that crap with full confidence that he will make a piece of art out of it."

Jones has his work cut out for him in del Toro's *Hellboy 2: The Golden Army*, which started filming in May.

"If Guillermo del Toro asked me to take a crap on film, I would."

OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TIMELINE) THE KOBAL COLLECTION

2002

SPIDER-MAN: "With great power comes great responsibility."

2003

X-MEN 2: "Mutants serve their purpose." It's to make a kick-ass sequel.

2004

HAROLD & KUMAR GO TO WHITE CASTLE: It's time for weed and tiny square burgers.

2005

THE 40-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN: And now you know how I know you're gay.

2006

TALLADEGA NIGHTS: Sacha Baron Cohen's practice lap for Borat's box-office domination.



The Evolution of Eastwood

Three new DVD releases bookend Clint's journey from the Man With No Name to last man standing of classic American cinema. By Nathan Lee



Describing Clint Eastwood as the ultimate man's man doesn't even begin to cover it. For going on half a century, Clint has been the last word in masculinity. Even the name—*Clint*—is synonymous with some ineffably butch, utterly unflappable macho essence. To snap it between your teeth is to immediately conjure the image of America's great, grizzled icon: actor, director, producer, composer, cowboy, mayor, cop, soldier, legend.

His fame began on *Rawhide* (1959–1965), but it was as the Man With No Name that his star rose with a vengeance. He found his squint in a trio of Sergio Leone's legendary spaghetti westerns: *A Fistful of Dollars* (1964), *For a Few Dollars More* (1965), and *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* (1966), collected in this new box set. As a man of scant talk

but infinite badassitude, his lock-jawed gunslinger blasted through the wild west and into box-office glory, just as the real West was blossoming with flower power. By 1971 the counterculture had wilted, and Eastwood bitch-slapped the zeitgeist

CLINT COLLECTIBLES OF 2007

THE SERGIO LEONE ANTHOLOGY

This box set includes the three Leone movies that defined Eastwood's early career, plus *A Fistful of Dynamite*, with James Coburn and Rod Steiger.

FLAGS OF OUR FATHERS

The American side of the battle of Iwo Jima; Clint's treatise on war propaganda.

LETTERS FROM IWO JIMA

The flip side captures the fate of the thousands of Japanese soldiers who died defending the tiny island.

again as the right-wing super-cop in *Dirty Harry*. In *Play Misty for Me*, his directorial debut from the same year, he played a radio deejay stalked by an unstable fan and unfortunate one-night stand (Jessica Walter). Terrorized by sharp phallic objects, he triumphs by punching her through a window. Take that, sexual revolution!

Then came more westerns, a few *Dirty Harry* sequels, and a comedy costarring an orangutan. With the 1988 release of *Bird*, a biopic of jazz great Charlie Parker, Eastwood's career entered its O.G. phase: He was now an Official Genius. Ever in tune with the moment, Eastwood began to reevaluate his own myth, examining the consequences of violence and vigilantism just in time for the touchy-feely Clinton presidency. *Cahiers du cinéma* proclaimed *The Bridges of Madison County* (1995) one of the best films of the 1990s, which is,



Eastwood found his squint as the Man With No Name in a trio of Sergio Leone's legendary spaghetti westerns. After creating another pop-culture icon as Dirty Harry, breaking into directing, and monkeying around, his career entered its Official Genius phase and he won two Oscars for *Unforgiven*, then two more for *Million Dollar Baby*. So when Clint took on World War II, you could hear the hosannas from Hollywood to Hiroshima.



of course, completely insane, but *Unforgiven* (1992) just might be the masterpiece everyone says it is. The hysterical molestation opera *Mystic River* (2003) and the million-hanky weepie *Million Dollar Baby* (2004) are definitely not, despite the slavish adoration of baby-boomer critics and voting members of the Academy, both of whom hold up Clint as the last man standing of classic American cinema.

So when the Official Genius took on the Greatest Generation, you could hear the hosannas from Hollywood to Hiroshima. Which isn't to say that *Flags of Our Fathers* and *Letters From Iwo Jima* (worth catching together on DVD) aren't damn fine movies, rich in performance and aching with loss, but would we be quite so reverent if the credits didn't read, "directed by Clint Eastwood"?



Before he was Captain Jack Sparrow, Johnny Depp was Donnie Brasco, porno shades and all.

REVIEWS



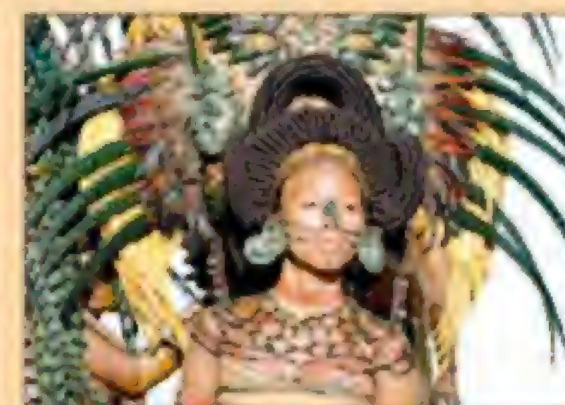
PAN'S LABYRINTH Ivana Baquero, Sergi López

One of the best films of recent years is now on DVD, and if you didn't see it, here's a great excuse to upgrade your TV. It's visually stunning, from the makeup to the set design to the cinematography. In addition, the performances are top-notch. Good date conversation: Is the ending real?—*Barbara Rice Thompson*



DONNIE BRASCO: EXTENDED CUT Johnny Depp, Al Pacino

Sony may be riding on the coattails of *The Departed* with a new version of this gangster flick about an FBI agent who infiltrates the mob, but that doesn't mean it's not worth checking out. Twenty minutes of previously unreleased footage have been edited back into the film, the sound and picture have been digitally remastered, and there's a new featurette. It's not necessarily worth upgrading unless you're a huge fan, but if you don't already own it, this is the version to buy.—*B.R.T.*



APOCALYPTO Rudy Youngblood

A theatrical viewing was the perfect way to fully appreciate the action sequences and the gorgeous scenery, but now you can hit pause if you need a break from reading the subtitles. Bonus features include a making-of featurette on ancient Mayan culture, in case you need some ammo to impress that hot pretentious chick at the office.—*B.R.T.*

Wilco Sees the Light

With their sixth record on the way, Wilco's frontman Jeff Tweedy reflects on marriage, fistfights, and the band's relationship with Barack Obama.

Wilco has been tabbed "America's greatest rock band," but frontman Jeff Tweedy is having none of it. "I could find vitriolic hatred and over-the-top accolades for what we do," he says of his fans and critics. "Neither one of those really does me any good." But Wilco's latest effort, *Sky Blue Sky*, will do little to cork the geyser of praise. It's a beautiful record—a calmer, mellower effort without the experimental noise of 2002's breakthrough *Yankee Foxtrot Hotel* or the behind-the-scenes drama of 2004's *A Ghost Is Born*, which was recorded during Tweedy's battle with painkiller addiction. It's simply propelled by Wilco's quiet confidence in their craft. Quiet, that is, until you bring up Britney Spears.

Wilco has become synonymous with credibility. Does it weigh on you to live up to those expectations?

There's no doubt people have collapsed under that weight. But you just have to accept it and figure out ways to navigate it. You've got to be detached. I don't feel that threatened by it. As a band, I don't feel we've ever done anything that's untrue. What matters at the end of the day is, did I have a great time doing it?

There was a lot of drama surrounding your previous two records—namely, being dropped by the label while recording *Yankee Foxtrot Hotel* and your addiction to painkillers that surfaced during *Ghost*. Was this one less chaotic?

Well, it wasn't without some drama.

My mother died about halfway through the recording, so that was pretty traumatic. She died suddenly while she was playing cards with her friends, people she played with once a month for 46 years. She keeled over. I suppose that's a nice way to go, at least.

In the past you were notorious for changing band members, but the lineup has been the same for three years now. Has a more relaxed Jeff Tweedy appeared?

Making this record was the most rewarding, comfortable experience I've ever had. Everybody seemed really confident and pointed in the same direction. It was a really gratifying experience. With *A Ghost Is Born*, there was an effort to have the same kind of environment, but physically and mentally I wasn't able to be as much a part of it. I wasn't there for it like I was for this one.

A lot of the lyrics on this album, like in "Hate It Here," seem very personal and directed toward your wife. Are they?

My wife thinks that's the funniest song. She calls it "The Liar's Song." The character uses a washing machine; I don't know how to use a washing machine. I tell my wife, "Honey, it's just a song." It's not about her. "Please Be Patient With Me" is as simple a request as a person can have in a relationship. I don't know anyone with problems who doesn't require some patience periodically.

How has your relationship with your wife changed after what you went through?

It should be enough to say I'm a much healthier person, and being a much healthier person, my wife is married to someone who can contribute a lot more to a marriage and a family.

Did you feel you had let them down before?

Yeah, of course.

Are you still struggling with migraines?

I haven't had one since I was in the hospital. They were directly related to the panic disorder and the depression I was dealing with. Since I've been able to manage that side of my life, the migraines have gone away.

Your stint in rehab got you some airtime on the E! Network. What do you think of Britney and company?

I don't know about *her*. But I have a lot less empathy for the people who follow her around and point cameras at her. The subsequent amount of attention that is paid to her by a culture that seems to need that story over and over again, whether it's Britney or Paris Hilton or whoever, is nauseating. These are pretty sad motherfuckers who have had no guidance in their lives, and it's tragic. At the same time, I get sick to my stomach that I actually know who they are.

Speaking of celebrity, have you been seduced by Obama mania?

We actually have a little history. He introduced us at Farm Aid and we did the Conan O'Brien show together. I have a lot of respect for him, and if there's someone who's better than him, it's going to be really good for the Democratic party. Unfortunately, that person usually doesn't end up being the candidate the Democrats pick.


You clocked a fan in the face after he rushed the stage last fall. Are you brushing up on your self-defense moves before you head out on tour this summer?

I was pleasantly surprised—I had the reflexes of a cat. I don't think I need to worry about it. We'll just be a little more thorough in our vetting of security guards.

Wilco is playing Bonnaroo again this year—any survival tips?

Stay hydrated. That's a no-brainer. And make sure to avoid angel dust.

—Matt Hendrickson



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THE BRAVERY

The Sun and the Moon (Island)

★★★★

Perhaps the most surprising part of the Bravery's sophomore record is that it doesn't sound like the Cure or Depeche Mode. *The Bravery* sounded like one long track crafted for fans of mopey mid-eighties groups. On the new album, frontman Sam Endicott handed over some creative control to Brendan O'Brien, who was responsible for creating Pearl Jam's sound after they broke out with *Ten*. The reinvention was worth it—the band is bound to pull in many new fans with their more relaxed sound,

which bears hints of Blur, Pulp, and Incubus. Of course they still look strange, but at least this time they're making music that may appeal to you, instead of simply being guys obsessed with hair gel.

Perhaps the most surprising part of the Bravery's sophomore record is that it doesn't sound like the Cure or Depeche Mode.



BJÖRK

Volta (Atlantic/One Little Indian)

★★★★★

On Björk's last record, *Medúlla*, she surprised fans by abandoning instruments in favor of a cappella. Now, on the percussive *Volta*, she's characteristically unpredictable—from her range of samples (seagulls, locomotives, Chinese pipa) to her choice of collaborators like Timbaland. Arresting songs like "Declare Independence" balance others like "Earth Intruders," in which she sounds as if she's on the brink of ecstasy.



SATELLITE PARTY

Ultra Payloaded (Columbia)

★★★★★

Perry Farrell brought Jim Morrison back from the dead. On "Woman in the Window," he lays an unheard Morrison song atop music by a 30-piece orchestra. And that's just one track. Each song is dramatically different—from the funky-up remix of "I Just Want to Celebrate" to the billowy "Awesome"—and captures the eclectic sensibility of Lollapalooza.

OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP RIGHT) JAY BROOKS

UNDER THE RADAR



THE USED

Lies for the Liars
(Reprise)

★★★

Emotional zombies. Obsessive love songs. Lyrics filled with doom and gloom. These storytelling elements could make this into one of summer's biggest rock records. Bert McCracken's morbidity meets up with standard rock melodies and a touch of ska to create the perfect package for Warped Tour and Ozzfest fans, even if My Chemical Romance did it better.



THE HORRORS

Strange House
(Stolen Transmission)

★★★★

You know you're good when other bands hate you. This British group screamed onto the scene with "Sheena Is a Parasite," and was soon getting trashed by other newbies but drawing praise from pretty much everyone else. Spooky songs like "Draw Japan" suggest they could be the Addams Family's house band—but their frontman also channels Joe Strummer's vocals on some tracks, hinting the band may be more influenced by the Clash than the Cramps.



GET CAPE.

WEAR CAPE. FLY

Sam Duckworth knows what he's doing. This singer-songwriter—better known by his stage name, Get Cape. Fly—has been making noise in the London scene with his acoustic guitar and laptop beats since 2004. His debut record, *The Chronicles of a Bohemian Teenager*, which spoofs Saturday-morning cartoons and references *Moby Dick*, landed at No. 26 on the *Billboard* U.K. charts last year and earned him an *NME* nomination for Best Solo Artist.



VELVET REVOLVER

Libertad (RCA)

★★★★

This amalgamation of Guns N' Roses and Stone Temple Pilots knows exactly how to create fist-pumping arena rock. From the warm rock ballad "This Fight," in which Scott Weiland executes a spot-on country drawl, to the single "She Builds Quick Machines," which reverberates with the gritty energy of a semi hurtling down a desert highway, *Libertad* is another rowdy album from this supergroup.



TIGER ARMY

Music From Regions Beyond
(Hellcat)

★★★★

Psychobilly—a blend of punky speed and rockabilly—gained popularity with artists like Mojo Nixon and Reverend Horton Heat, but this California trio has kept it going with their integration of eighties synthesizer beats and Morrissey-inspired love songs. This time, even with AFI's Davey Havok singing backup on one track, they've written an album grounded in everyday life and its problems.

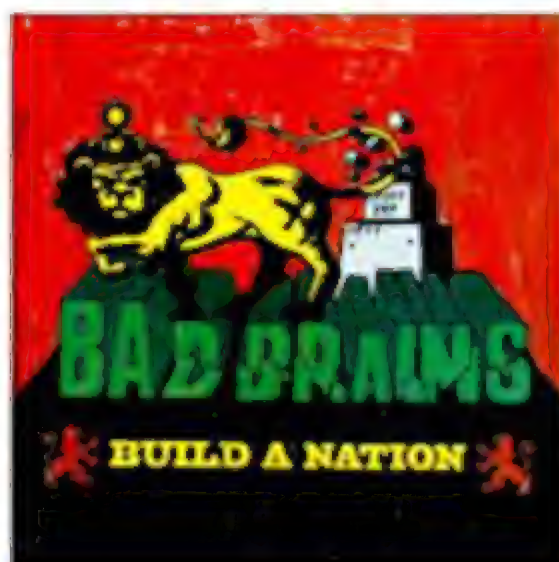
Insane in the Brain

With a little help from Beastie Boy Adam Yauch, the on-again, off-again Bad Brains roar back with a killer record.



When Bad Brains first appeared in the late seventies, they didn't fit into any category. The four Rastafarians played punk rock louder and faster than anyone in Washington, D.C., or anywhere else. But it wasn't long before they developed a fanatical following and inspired Black Flag and Minor Threat to spread the hardcore gospel across America. And while the message was coming through loud and clear in the underground punk scene, most of their descendants didn't adopt what made the Bad Brains stand out: the slow, deep reggae songs they threw into their frantic punk sets.

"Reggae and punk? They're separate but the same," explains



Build a Nation
(Megaforce, 2007)

The fast tracks sound like speed-metal rewrites of the first album, and the reggae numbers hail straight from the mid-seventies.

bassist Darryl Jenifer. "Those two styles have always been rebel music for us—not like throwing bricks; I mean the battle of good and evil. Consciousness. That's the battle."

In attempts to prove their own credibility, everyone from Madonna to Lil' Jon to P.O.D. has claimed to be fans of this seminal group, but the band's own career has been famously volatile—they've split and reunited any number of times, often thanks to the loose-cannon antics of singer H.R. (Paul Hudson). Still, Jenifer's sanguine about it: "We've always been like brothers. We just haven't worked with each other, on and off. Bad Brains is a lifelong experience for us—we've got the dysfunction of a family."

These days, Jenifer and guitarist Dr. Know (Gary Miller) live in Woodstock, New York; drummer Earl Hudson is in Atlanta; and H.R. ... well, Jenifer thinks he's in Baltimore but isn't sure. They've been spending more time together recently, after the Beastie Boys' Adam Yauch—who used to open for the group in the early eighties—set the groundwork in 2002 to record *Build a Nation*, the Bad Brains' first studio album in 12 years.

The new album is a return to their early punk-versus-reggae soundclash, and conjuring up that explosive energy has become second nature to the Brains. "We're actually better and more proficient as 'hardcore' musicians than we were when we were younger," says Jenifer. "We come when Jah call us. Jah call us to play a show, we play a show." —Douglas Wolk

TIMELINE

1975

Jazz-fusion band Mind Power forms in Washington, D.C.

1978

Mind Power discovers punk, changes name to Bad Brains after a Ramones song title.

1979

Original singer Sid McCray is replaced by Earl Hudson's brother Paul Hudson, aka H.R.

1980

Bad Brains self-release their debut single, "Pay to Cum," in June. Dischord Records is founded in the fall. Minor Threat plays its first show in December, opening for Bad Brains.

1982

Bad Brains cassette appears. Beastie Boys record their first (hardcore) EP, *Polly Wog Stew*.

1984

Bad Brains **break up**.

1986

Band reunites, records *I Against I*.

1987

Another **breakup**.

1989

Band reunites, records *Quickness*, tours, **breaks up**.

1993

Rise released on Epic Records with new singer and drummer.

1995

Original lineup reunites for *God of Love*. On tour, H.R. is arrested in Kansas for assaulting a fan, then jailed for drug possession at the Canadian border. They cancel several dates with the Beastie Boys and **break up** again.

1999

They tour as the "Soul Brains."

2005

Build a Nation sessions begin.

2006

Bad Brains play two of the final shows at New York's CBGB.

2007

Build a Nation is released.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Bad Brains

(ROIR, 1982)

Initially a cassette-only release, these blistering minute-long songs set the agenda for most of the hardcore that followed, plus the occasional dub switcheroo.

Rock for Light

(Caroline, 1983)

Despite the eighties cred of producer Ric Ocasek, it's one long explosion of rage toward "Destroy Babylon," and H.R. sounds genuinely unhinged.

I Against I

(SST, 1986)

After their first reformation, they slowed down and metallized up—the grooves here are the missing link between Van Halen and Living Colour.

Quickness

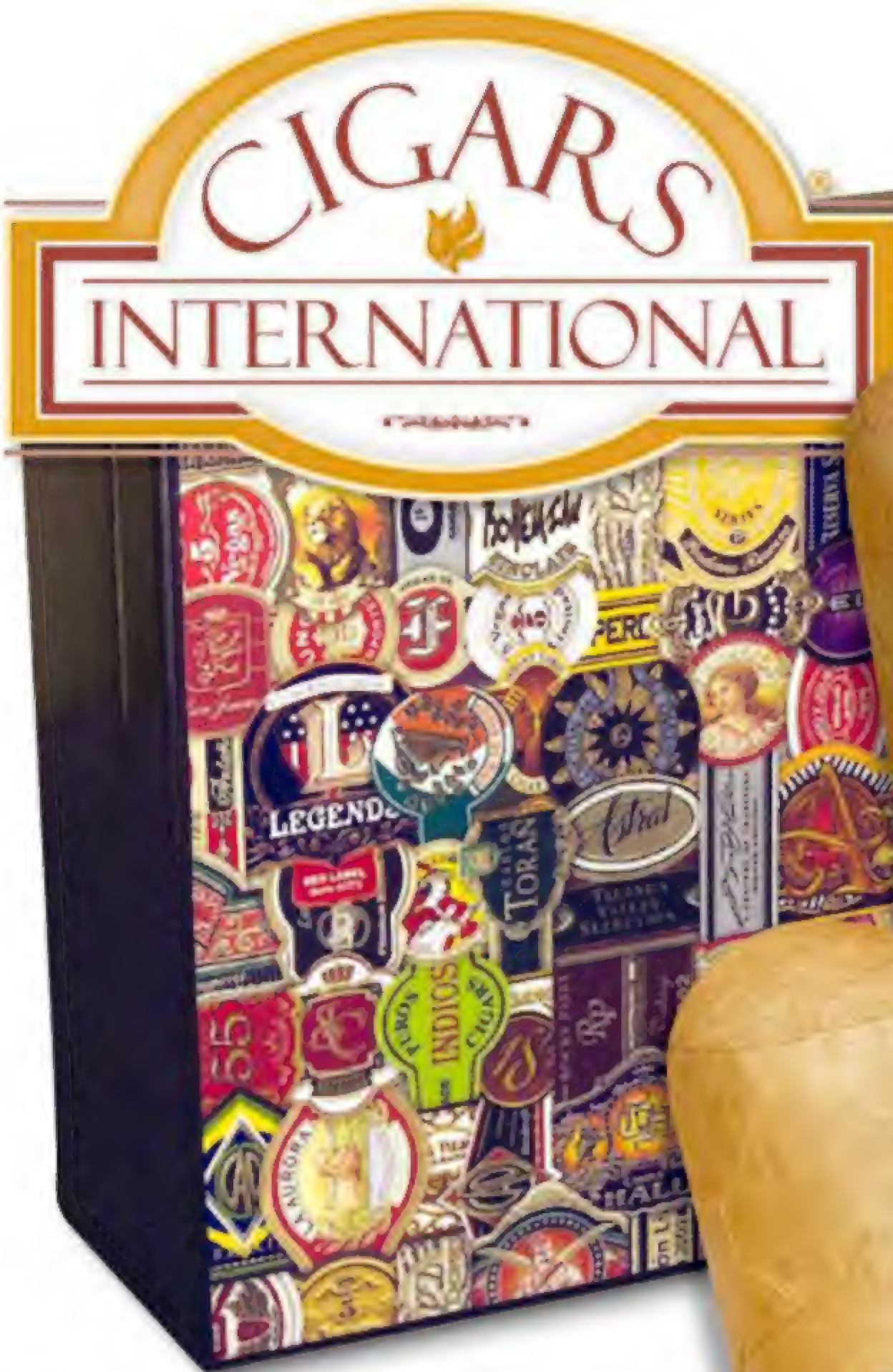
(Caroline, 1989)

Their heaviest album boasts one walloping riff after another, with H.R. singing like he's floating in space even when the band's in full-on thrash mode.

I and I Survived

(Reggae Lounge, 2003)

This disposable instrumental dub-reggae disc (with a few samples of H.R.'s voice) includes a few remakes of old favorites, such as "How Low Can a Punk Get?"



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The Darkness

(2K Games) Xbox 360, PS3

★★★★★



Set between gritty 1980s New York and the Otherworld, this first-person shooter follows Mafia hit man Jackie Estacado on his 21st birthday, just as he gains the power of the Darkness. After he realizes that the head of his family, Uncle Paulie, has double-crossed him, he embarks on a bloody rampage that climaxes with an intimate meeting with the Mafia don. As you blow through the ranks of corrupt goons to reach his uncle, you'll find that Jackie

wields an arsenal of guns and can slay enemies with brutal execution moves, but his main source of power (and protection) are the sinister, serpent-like creatures that live inside him. How evil are they? They rip out and devour the hearts of his victims for energy and sizzle in the light. The Darkness acts as a shield and can hurl heavy objects at enemies, weasel out new routes by sneaking along air ducts, and even create a vortex that sucks in everything in the vicinity. Jackie also has control over four types of Darklings, maniacal hell spawn that do anything from turning out the lights to gunning down enemies. Tap into your inner goth and enjoy the ride.

How evil is the Darkness? It rips out the hearts of Jackie's victims for energy and sizzles in the light.

REVIEWS

TOMB RAIDER ANNIVERSARY

(Eidos) PS2, PC, PSP

★★★★



Relive your first time all over again, but better. Instead of dying prematurely or making errors that keep you from beating the game like you did the first time around, now you'll be familiar with the path ahead in this slicker version of the original. The puzzles have been updated with current physics technology, the

levels are reordered, and there are new in-game movies, but essentially *Tomb Raider Anniversary* is an upgraded version of the classic Lara Croft—complete with waterfall swan dives, those obnoxious bats, and obligatory butt shots. But this time, no cone-shaped boobs!

A WELL-DESERVED FACE-LIFT

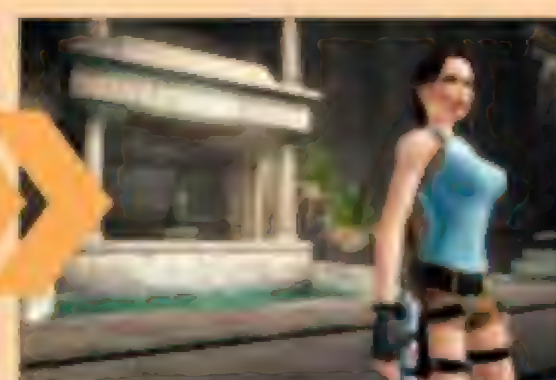
In *Tomb Raider*, it was easy to get lost in the Egypt level. The temples looked similar and it was difficult to determine which sandy areas were climbable. But the levels have been

polished so it's not difficult to find a column that Lara can scale. Plus, the mummies and Sphinx look realistic, and our favorite archaeologist looks hotter than ever.

1997



2007



SHADOWRUN

(Microsoft) Xbox 360, PC

★★★★

Microsoft has taken this former tabletop role-playing game and transformed it into a multiplayer-only first-person shooter, which is bound to piss off some devotees. Fanboy concerns aside, it's cool to customize your character with weapons, spells, and gadgets before each battle, and to play against competitors on Xbox 360 and PC (a first for both systems). Then, it's up to you and your team to pick off all enemy players or escape with a valuable artifact. This is where your ability to teleport through walls, block doors with giant crystals, and glide over enemies becomes essential, because you



only get so far mowing down the other team with a submachine gun before you're picked off by a quick-moving elf. But play people who know what they're doing; otherwise this gets boring fast.

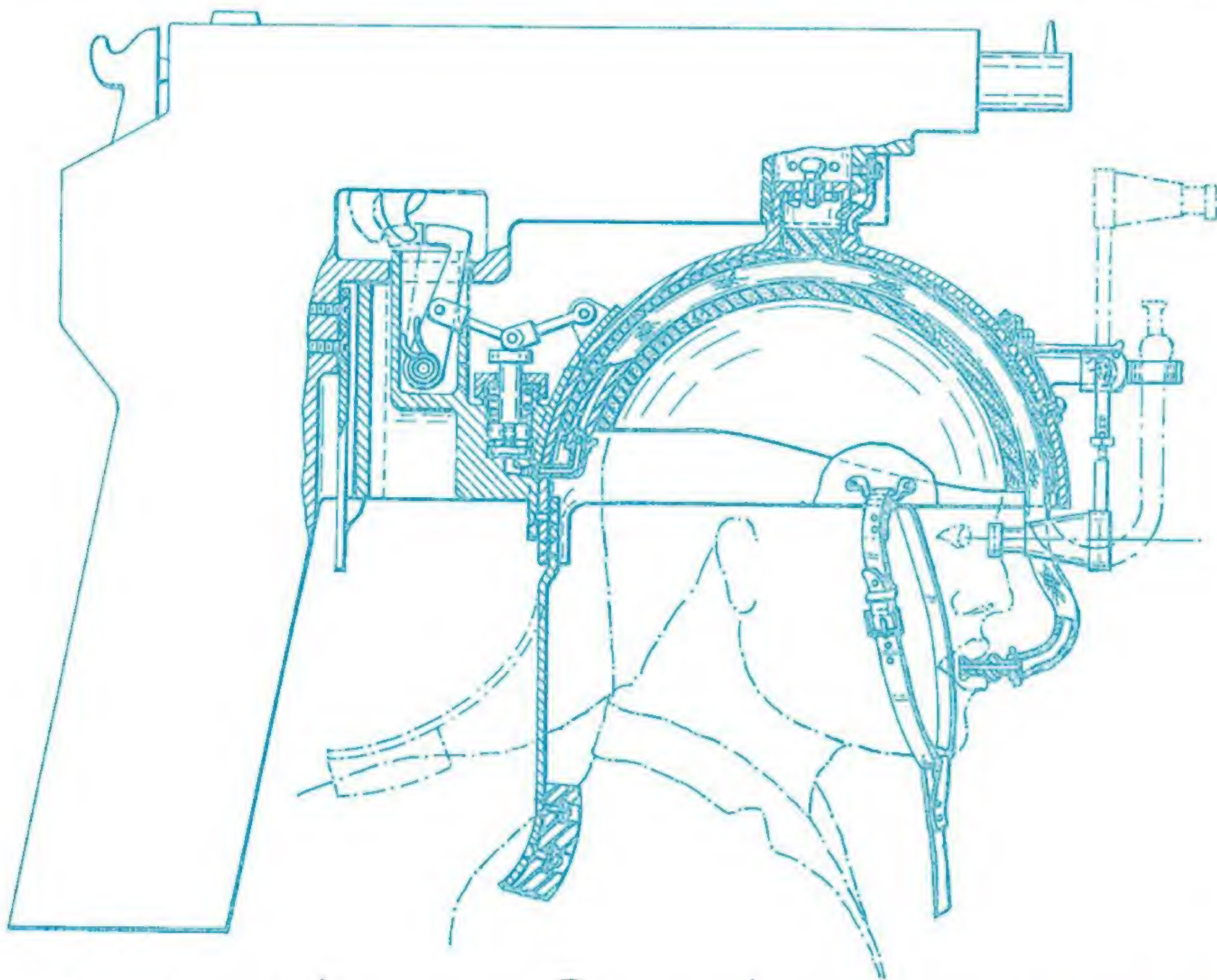


NEW YORK TIMES CROSSWORDS

(Majesco) DS

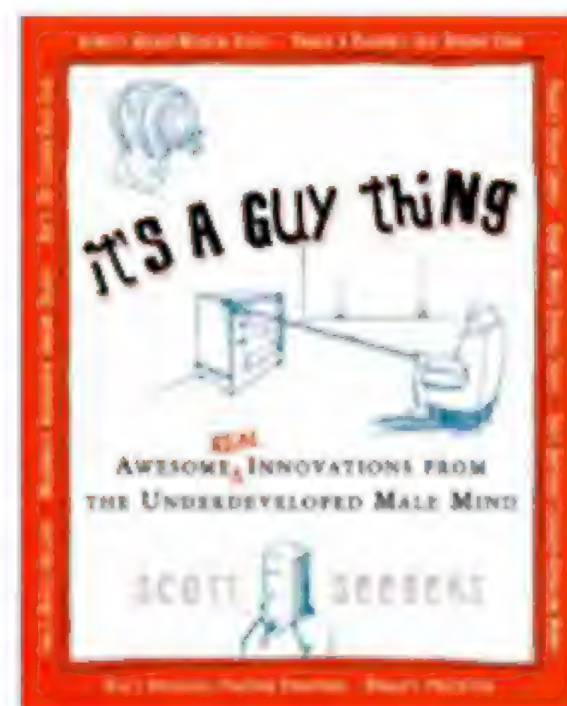
★★★

No pencil? No problem. If the most mental stimulation you get is from customizing your sniper rifle, use your stylus to play through five years of crosswords plucked from the *Times*. It's not particularly innovative, but it does allow you to play anywhere—without getting ink on your fingers—and you can challenge your friends to see who has the real vocab skills.



Motherfuckers of Invention

There are more than 70 million patents registered by the government. Many of them are practical and life-enhancing. Then there are these....



The title is terrible, and the cover looks so bland you probably won't give this book a second glance, but you *should*. If the publisher had tapped into the kind of creativity that this almost compulsively readable little book celebrates, you'd never miss it on the store shelf. But now you know, so grab

a copy of *It's a Guy Thing: Awesome Innovations from the Underdeveloped Male Mind*, by Scott Seegert (Three Rivers Press). He reproduces actual patent drawings as registered by the government, along with brief descriptions of what these things are supposed to do, and once you begin checking them out, you may just be inspired to put on your thinking cap—or invent one.

Albert's Helmet-Mounted Pistol was patented in 1953. Blow in the tube to blow your enemies away.

HERE ARE OUR TEN FAVORITE IDEAS

1

Dick's Exercising Device, aka human wings

2

Franz's Escape Coffin allows the "mistakenly buried" to escape

3

Larry's Bleacher Pants, with "buttocks-shaped foam cushion"

4

Chuck's Mustache Styler, a "mouth-held trimming guide"

5

Ted's Human Catapult uses a "bungee/shock cord-activated lever"

Q&A



Hitting the Mark

Jason Pinter's new thriller takes direct aim at his own generation.

Like his protagonist, 27-year-old Jason Pinter knows how to roll with the punches. After being fired from his job as an editor for posting a book's sales figures on his personal blog, he became a hot gossip item and quickly landed a new gig at St. Martin's Press as he was finishing his first novel, *The Mark* (MIRA). Pinter hasn't had to cope with being unjustly accused of murder and going on the run, as Henry Parker does (using a copy of *Penthouse* to shield himself from pursuers at one point), but the author—whose next two books are slated to be published in 2008—has accomplished the almost-as-difficult feat of writing a thriller that will keep you turning the pages. And, as opposed to Cold War spies like Jason Bourne or George Smiley, his hero is just like you—if you were the hero of a thriller, that is.

What gave you the idea for this book?

It all started with Henry. I wanted to create a younger hero my generation could identify with. Most thriller heroes were older, more world-weary, and there are enough thrillers about politicians, middle managers, and lawyers. I didn't want Henry to be a guy who wore a suit to work. For a long time it seemed that most characters written around my age were degenerates, cheaters, or spoiled brats. I wanted to write about someone my generation could look up to; a character who, despite the skeletons in his closet, had a good heart.

Henry is an idealist when he starts his job as a newspaper reporter. Do you share that mentality?

I'm definitely an idealist, but I think that has to come more from within than as a result of your surroundings. It's much more productive to be pissed off than depressed, so I tend to use anger and frustration to fuel my work. Henry is definitely a little

ticked off, often feels he has more to contribute than he's being allowed to, feels he's been shackled with an unfair reputation earned by his predecessors. That anger is a trait we share.

You were fired for writing about work on your personal blog (JasonPinter.blogspot.com). What advice do you have for fellow bloggers?

Website traffic is nice, but not at the expense of losing your livelihood. I understand why my former employer got upset at what I wrote, but I'm not sorry I wrote it. To me it was, and still is, an interesting topic, and in my opinion anything that spurs discussion about books or publishing is positive. I'm a little more cautious now, trying to separate my two jobs a little more, but I've moved on and will continue to use my blog to talk about my books, pop culture, and the inevitable disappointments of being a New York sports fan.

Now that you've been both an editor and a published writer, what would you tell someone who wants to write a book?

No matter what kind of book you write—thriller, literary, romance, humor—you never stand out by blending in. Never think your work is perfect. If your books aren't receiving the reaction you want, blaming external forces—agents, editors, Karl Rove—is the cheap and easy way out. A writer should always be his or her own toughest critic.

"It's much more productive to be pissed off than depressed."

SHORT TAKES



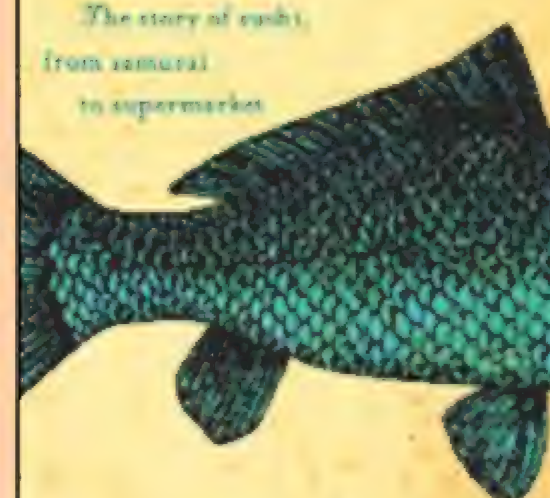
2033: THE FUTURE OF MISBEHAVIOR

From the editors of Nerve.com

In 26 years, people will have even shorter attention spans than now, if the snappy stories in *2033: The Future of Misbehavior* (Chronicle Books) are any indication. Cars will be banned, Sean Preston Federline will be gay, and we'll have a female president ... along with a philandering First Lady. Such writers as Rick Moody, Douglas Rushkoff, and Ana Marie Cox picture life down the road, and what they've come up with is as fantastical as it is amusing. Jay McInerney's female executives, for instance, harass their male secretaries in a world with a 100 percent divorce rate and artificial penises. But don't get too depressed: Young women with promise will be able to better themselves by applying for a Paris Hilton International Fellowship.

THE ZEN of FISH

The story of sushi, from samurai to supermarket



TREVOR CORSON
AUTHOR OF THE SECRET LIFE OF COCKERS

THE ZEN OF FISH

By Trevor Corson

Ever wonder how spicy tuna rolls came to be ubiquitous? Join journalist Trevor Corson (*The Secret Life of Lobsters*) as he shadows students at California Sushi Academy in *The Zen of Fish: The Story of Sushi, From Samurai to Supermarket* (HarperCollins). Corson leaves no detail unexplained, and true food nerds will appreciate his rigor. I found the human drama the most fascinating aspect, especially the melding of ancient and modern methodology, and how chefs must adapt by inventing "creative rolls" to fulfill customers' quests for the exotic. And don't worry, raw-fish fans—this isn't the kind of nausea-inducing exposé *Fast Food Nation* was; you'll still be lining up to order your favorite snack, but with renewed appreciation.

6 Win's Dog Pipe, canine smoking jacket not included

7 Otto's Radiation-Control Space Suit collects solar energy and emits heat

8 Israel's Slant-Top Beer Can

9 Ricardo's Toilet Lounger

10 Roland's Foreskin Stretcher



World's Most Valuable Timepiece Disappears

Back in 1933, the single most important watch ever built was engineered for a quiet millionaire collector named Henry Graves. It took over three years and the most advanced horological technique to create the multifunction masterpiece. This one-of-a-kind watch was to become the most coveted piece in the collection of the Museum of Time near Chicago. Recently this ultra-rare innovation was auctioned off for the record price of \$11,030,000 by Sotheby's to a secretive anonymous collector. Now the watch is locked away in a private vault in an unknown location. We believe that a classic like this should be available to true watch aficionados, so Stauer replicated the exact Graves design in the limited edition Graves '33.

The antique enameled face and Brugnet hands are true to the original. But the real beauty of this watch is on the inside. We replicated an extremely complicated automatic movement with 27 jewels and seven hands. There are over 210 individual parts that are assembled entirely by hand and



27 jewels and 210 hand-assembled parts drive this classic masterpiece.

then tested for over 15 days on Swiss calibrators to ensure accuracy. The watches are then re-inspected in the United States upon their arrival.

What makes rare watches rare?

Business Week states it best... "It's the complications that can have the biggest impact on price." (*Business Week*, July, 2003). The four interior complications on our Graves™ watch display the month, day, date and the 24 hour clock graphically depicts the sun and the moon. The innovative engine for this timepiece is powered by the movement of the body as the automatic rotor winds the mainspring. It never needs batteries and never needs to be

manually wound. The precision crafted gears are "lubricated" by 27 rubies that give the hands a smooth sweeping movement. And the watch is tough enough to stay water resistant to 5 atmospheres. The movement is covered by a 2-year warranty.

Not only have we emulated this stunning watch of the 1930s but just as surprising, we've been able to build this luxury timepiece for a spectacular price. Many fine

27-jewel automatics that are on the market today are usually priced well over \$2,000 dollars, but you can enter the rarified world of fine watch collecting for under \$100. You can now wear a millionaire's watch but still keep your millions in your vest pocket. Try the handsome Graves '33 timepiece risk free for 30 days. If you are not thrilled with the quality and rare design, please send it back for a full refund of the purchase price.



The face of the original 1930s Graves timepiece from the Museum of Time.

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This Is Your Life

It's easy to get lost when buying a new phone. Here's how to make the right call.

By John Mihaly Photographs by Nick Ferrari

Your cellphone is probably the second-most important thing in your pants. It's not much help in the bedroom, but it functions no matter how many shots you toss back. Over time it's become more than just a portable phone—it's turned into the nerve center of your life. So rather than accepting the freebie Zack Morris clunker that came with your plan or mindlessly blowing your wad on the coolest-looking phone in the store, get one that fits your lifestyle.



NOKIA N93i \$NA

The Nokia N93i's new streamlined design and mirrorlike finish is a massive aesthetic step up from its predecessor, the N93. But the attention to style hasn't detracted from this device's status as the best camera phone on the market. It has a 3.2-megapixel camera with a Zeiss lens and image-stabilized video, so your party clips will look great and your celebrity-stalking shots will look disturbingly professional.



1 THE TOUGH GUY

CASIO G'zOne
\$100. Verizon

If you think of your phone as more of an appliance and less of an accessory, hook this not-so-svelte camera phone to your belt clip. The Casio G'zOne meets military standards for water resistance, waterproofing, and temperature extremes. Basically, it can survive a multitude of drops without dropping a call. Download the VZ Navigator program to add GPS capabilities, so you won't get lost the next time you're trailing wild boar.

2 THE PAPARAZZO



3 THE TROPHY PHONE

LG VX8700
\$180. Verizon

If you're the guy who lays his cell on the table to jump-start happy-hour conversation, seek out the LG VX8700. Its brushed-metal body and mirrorlike screen make it a solid runway competitor to the endlessly hyped Motorola KRZR. And similar to the KRZR, this baby is more than just a pretty face: A two-megapixel camera and a music player (with upgradable memory) add substance to its style. Plus, it's only 0.54 inches thick, so it won't be mistaken for a surprise party in your pants.

4 THE OVERACHIEVER

MOTORIZR Z3
\$100. T-Mobile

The MOTORIZR Z3 is the Swiss Army knife of cellphones: Though its individual features are unremarkable, their inclusion in one phone makes the Z3 an exceptionally useful tool to have in your pocket. This slider model has the protected keypad of a clamshell cell and the slim, lightweight physique of a candy-bar phone. Its two-megapixel camera

captures above-average stills, and the built-in music player supports several digital-audio formats and stores up to two gigabytes of tunes. Too bad it can't help you open bottles, pick your teeth, or tweeze your eyebrows.

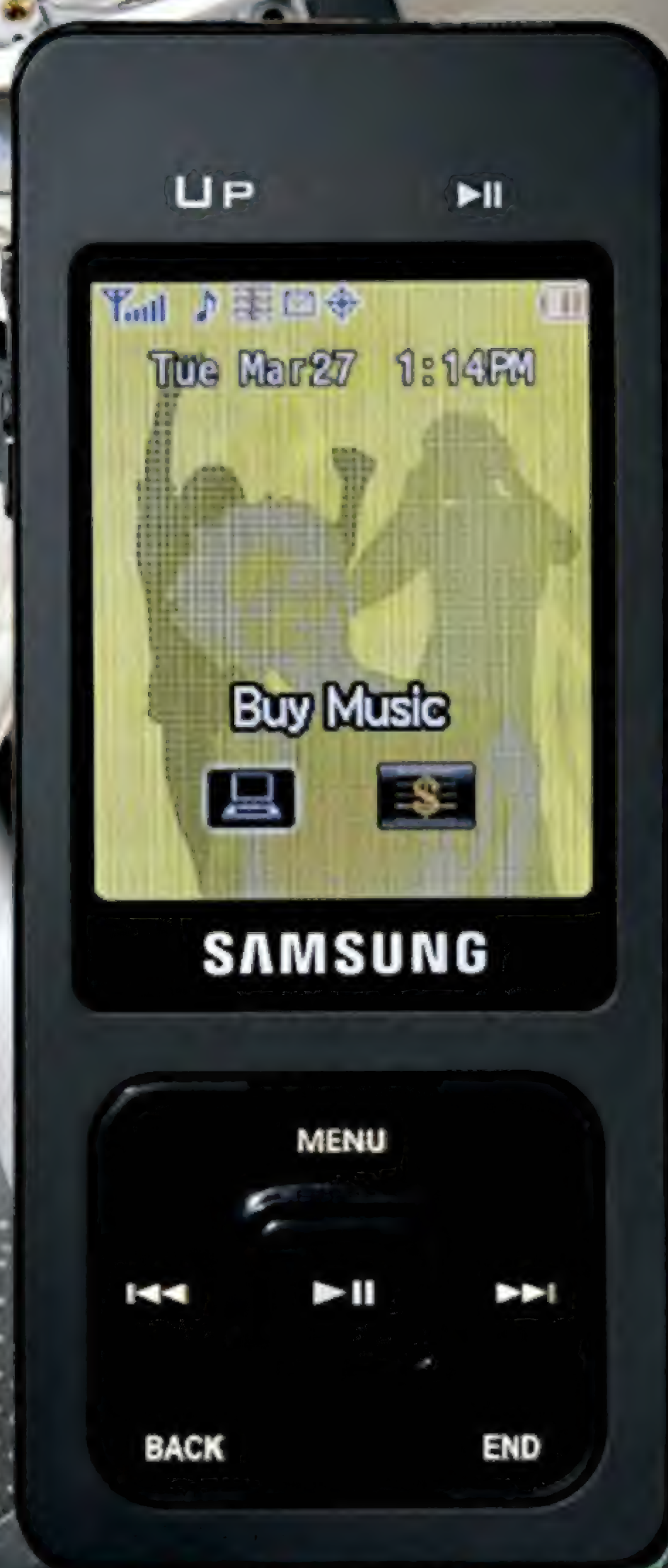
IT'S NOT MUCH
HELP IN THE
BEDROOM, BUT
YOUR CELL
FUNCTIONS NO
MATTER HOW
MANY SHOTS YOU
TOSS BACK.

**5 THE POCKET-SIZE
DEEJAY**

**SAMSUNG M620/
UPSTAGE**

\$150. Sprint

The Samsung M620/UpStage is a two-faced badass. One side of this wafer-thin (0.37 inches thick) candy-bar phone is a standard cell with a small screen and keypad. But flip it over and it's a sleek, large-screen music and video player with up to two gigabytes of memory and a 1.3-megapixel camera. Thanks to the headphone-jack adapter, you can listen with your own earbuds. Like that iconic eighties hairdo you had the good sense to resist, this phone is business in the front and party in the back.





Divide and conquer

If you've got toy guns or a bad case of man tits, you're going to have to focus. Here's how to renovate those problem areas.

By Kara Wahlgren Photographs by Nick Ferrari

So you've come to the sad realization that you have the arm definition of an 80-year-old woman—or the *rack* of an 80-year-old woman—and your stomach has more rolls than a deli. Good thing personal trainer Joe DiAngelo has moves that'll overhaul everything from manorexic legs to a monster truck-size spare tire.

For each strength-training exercise, do three sets of 12 reps. Your last rep should burn—if you feel like you could do a couple more, increase the weight.

FLABBY ARMS

Barbell curl

When you finally accept that your “guns” are of the toy-store variety, it's time to start building your biceps. With arms shoulder-width apart, pick up a barbell using an underhand grip. Keep your elbows tucked at your sides and raise the bar until your forearms are vertical, then lower until they are nearly extended. Repeat.

Preacher curl

During regular curls, your biceps get help from surrounding muscle groups—your upper back, shoulders, even your abs. The preacher bench isolates your biceps so you can't rely on other muscles for momentum. Sit on the bench with your triceps resting on the pad. Grasp a curl bar and do curls as described above.

Close-grip bench press

If you've got a bad case of bingo wings, you need to isolate your triceps. Here's how: Keep your hands close together, instead of separated in the usual wide grip. This position forces your triceps to do the lifting.

Dip

For overall strength, grip the dip-station handles, then bend your elbows to 90 degrees. Push back up until your arms are almost straight. If the thought of holding up your weight with your arms seems like a cruel joke, head for the weight-assisted dip stations to take off some of the load.



MAN TITS

Interval training

These are caused by fat deposits over the pectoral muscles, so your attack strategy should include lard-blasting interval training. The idea is to raise your heart rate with short bursts of high-intensity cardio (say, two minutes of running), then bring it down with a longer interval (five minutes) of a low-intensity activity like jogging. Repeat the cycle five times.

Dumbbell bench press

Swap the barbell for dumbbells, which allow for a greater stretch at the bottom and more efficient contraction at the top.

Cable fly

Adjust the cable pulleys to chest height. Grab a pulley with each hand and pull the weight in front of you until your hands come together, keeping elbows slightly bent. Slowly return to the starting position. This will tone your inner pecs.

LOVE HANDLES

Low-intensity cardio

Your midsection is like a pantry for fat. When you do low-intensity cardio, your body is forced to raid the pantry and burn the fat for energy. To maximize the burn, choose an exercise that's challenging but easy to sustain for 30 minutes, like slowly jumping rope or walking on a steep incline.

Cable side bend

Your love handles are hiding your obliques, those oft-forgotten side muscles that females, well ... let's just say that women don't forget a guy with ripped obliques. Ignoring them can lead to two mini kegs flanking a six-pack. Unfortunately, your side muscles don't respond to plain old crunches. Stand sideways at a low pulley and grasp the cable with your near arm. Keeping your arms straight, bend sideways at the waist and lean away from the cable. After one set, turn and repeat with the opposite side.

BEER BELLY

Weighted crunch

To blast your gut, lie back on an exercise ball with knees bent at 90 degrees and feet flat on the floor. Gently curve your back around the ball. Hold a weight plate on your chest with both hands, then use your abs to raise your upper torso.

Hanging hip raise

Hang from the high bar, fully extended. Bend your knees and pull them toward your chest, then contract your abs and pull knees up and in toward your shoulders. Once you've mastered it, try a set while squeezing a dumbbell between your ankles.

V-up

Lie flat on the floor with arms raised over your head. Keeping your arms and legs straight, simultaneously raise your legs and torso so your body forms a V shape. Lower yourself into the starting position.

Sober up

It's called a beer belly for a reason—alcohol is high in sugar, and sugar translates into flab. And guess where the male body stores extra flab? Yep, the pantry.

CHICKEN LEGS

Barbell squat

To fix a Big Bird physique, hold the barbell on top of your shoulders. Keeping your head upright, back straight, and feet slightly more than shoulder-width apart, lower your body until your thighs are parallel to the floor. Return to a near-standing position.

Walking lunge

Hold a set of dumbbells at your sides. Keeping your torso upright and arms straight, step forward and flex your front knee and hip until your back leg nearly touches the floor. Bring your back leg up to meet your front leg. Repeat with the opposite leg.

Standing calf raise

Balance a barbell on your shoulders, stand with your heels hanging off a stable platform, and bend your knees slightly. Push up on your toes and hold for a few seconds, then lower your heels, keeping knees bent.

IGNORING YOUR
OBLIQUES CAN LEAD
TO TWO MINI KEGS
FLANKING A SIX-PACK.

Fire!

Tie on your novelty apron and grab the tongs—it's time you finally learned how to grill right. By Tucker Shaw

If you're a man, grilling is probably your preferred cooking method. You can't help it. It's primal. We've been searing meat over an open flame since we were cavemen. But all those thousands of years of experience don't mean squat because most people (including you) are still grilling everything completely wrong.

So put down the tongs and step away from the flame. Follow our guide and turn your raw (or charred beyond recognition), gooey, nasty-ass chicken wings, burgers, and fish into a feast. And maybe this will be the summer that none of your barbecues morph into impromptu pizza parties.

UNBREAKABLE RULES OF GRILLING

- 1 Use a wad of balled-up aluminum foil or a grill brush to clean your grill after every use, while it's still hot.
- 2 Don't manhandle your meat: Let it cook with minimal poking, spearing, and flipping.
- 3 Give your rack time to heat up. Charcoal: Look for white-hot (not red-hot) coals. Gas: Set the flame on high for at least six minutes before cooking.
- 4 Your grill should have a hot side for searing and a cooler side for finishing. Charcoal: Bank the coals on just one side of the grill. Gas: Only light half the grill.
- 5 Lightly oil your hot grill to prevent sticking. Dip a wadded-up paper towel in vegetable oil, clasp it with tongs, and brush the grill with it.



CRIME

Under-seasoning. What's wrong, tough guy? Afraid of salt? Naked chicken tastes like a doggle chew toy.

JUSTICE

Season liberally with a simple dry rub: Whisk together two tablespoons salt, one tablespoon cumin, one tablespoon chili powder, one tablespoon powdered mustard, and a few grinds fresh black pepper. Pat chicken pieces dry, then rub spice mixture evenly over them. Also, bone-in chicken is *always* juicier and tastier than boneless breasts.

CRIME

Over-saucing. Gloppling sauce on your chicken makes it sticky.

JUSTICE

Only start saucing when chicken is halfway done, then brush it on every two to three minutes during the final stage.

CRIME

Overcooking. You always cook your chicken on the hottest

part of the grill, then let it rip till it's "done." Your woman's got a point when she whines about burned skin and a raw center.

JUSTICE

Use less direct heat. For grill marks and crispy skin, sear chicken over hottest part of the flame. Then move it to a cooler part of the grill, cover, and cook skin-side up.

FOOLPROOF CHICKEN

Fire up your grill or build a charcoal fire, leaving half the grill cool. Place dry-rubbed chicken on hot side of grill, skin-side down, for three minutes. Do not touch the bird. Using tongs, turn chicken and cook two more minutes. Move to cool side, cover, and cook, skin-side up, until finished: about 12 more minutes for breasts, ten more minutes for legs and thighs.



Burgers

CRIME

Trimming the fat.

The best burger meat is medium-lean (about 80 to 85 percent lean) chuck and/or sirloin that's been coarsely (and freshly) ground at a butcher shop. Any leaner and your burger will be juiceless.

CRIME

Beating your meat. It may feel good to handle the stuff, but you're just making it tough.

TICE

Form your coarse-ground meat into a patty that holds its shape, but don't mash it together like a snowball. Press a thumbprint into the middle of the patty to reduce shrinkage. Count on a healthy pinch of salt per patty for maximum flavor. Put your cardiologist on speed dial.

FOOLPROOF BURGERS

Place patties over hottest part of fire. Do not cover grill, and do not molest burgers for the first four minutes of cooking. The more you move them, the more they stick. Flip burgers and cook for three minutes more without moving. Transfer to cool side of grill, top with cheese, and cover for three minutes, or until cheese is melted.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF EXPERIENCE DON'T MEAN ANYTHING—YOU'RE STILL GRILLING EVERYTHING WRONG.

Fish



CRIME

Avoiding it altogether. What are you afraid of?

JUSTICE

Buy fresh fish from an independent fishmonger or a high-end grocery store like Whole Foods—or catch it yourself.

CRIME

There you go again, tossing a halibut steak onto the grill like it's a rib-eye—and there goes your fish, crumbling into the fire, while you eat potato salad for dinner.

JUSTICE

Strong, oily, steak-like fish (tuna, swordfish, salmon) and shrimp work great directly on the grill. For whitefish (halibut, cod, sea bass), wrap them tightly in aluminum foil with aromatic ingredients like lemon, sage, peppers, or

anything, really. You can do trout either way, but if you don't wrap it, leave the skin on.

CRIME

Afraid it's going somewhere? Quit poking at your fish. It'll make the skin stick to the grill.

JUSTICE

Leave it alone. When cooking skin-on fish directly over the fire, the first two to three minutes are critical. Do not move or flip the fish during this time.

FOOLPROOF TROUT

Place aluminum-foil-wrapped trout over hottest part of grill. Close grill cover and cook for five minutes. Carefully turn fish over and move to cool side of grill, cover, and cook five minutes more. Unwrap fish, add a big pat of butter on top, and serve.



Sunny Leone

Women don't want men to know *everything* about them, but Jonathan Ages manages to get 2003 Penthouse Pet of the Year Sunny Leone to betray their deepest secrets.

She'll take flattery over honesty

"We know right off the bat if we look good or not [*laughs*]. We just want attention and reassurance—but we want an honest response. Look her over, say, 'Turn around'—that'll give you a couple more seconds to think about it [*laughs*]. If it's a boyfriend-girlfriend situation and she doesn't look good, say, 'Maybe you should change those jeans and wear these other ones. You look really sexy in these.' When a man tells a girl not to wear something, he should *always* reference something else that *will* make her feel good. But if you're just dating her—or you just want to get laid—you have to lie. Tell her she looks hot, no matter what. Later on, when

you get to know her better, you can say, 'Maybe you should burn that top.'"

She likes porn—she's just pickier than you are

"Women like porn as much as men do, but it's different: girl-girl or boy-girl, not full-on orgies and crazy cream pies. We like nice-looking men having sex with a hot girl. And we usually imagine it's us. It's usually a movie with a story and a plot. We like the idea of a man seducing a woman and treating her like a princess and then banging the shit out of her."

"MY GIRLFRIENDS ARE HORNY BASTARDS. THEY HAVE ISSUES WITH NOT HAVING ENOUGH SEX."

You don't satisfy all her needs

"We're dirty. Women think about sex just as much as men do—if not more. My girlfriends are horny bastards. They have issues with *not* having enough sex. And it's not because they don't want to have sex; it's because the guy's tired or he doesn't want to or he's just being lazy. Women touch themselves a lot. I touch myself at least twice a day."

She lives your fantasies

"I'm having a slumber party in a couple of weeks and [September '00 Pet] Aria Giovanni is going to be there. We're going to wear pajamas. We're hiring a penis-sucking instructor. We'll be playing with dildos—not sexually, but for fun. We're having a scavenger hunt. One of the things is, go to a firehouse and flash a fireman; or, go to a biker bar and grab a biker guy's ass. Another is, walk into the biker bar with a whipped-cream bikini on. We videotape it and you get points for everything."

She'll only accept one euphemism for fat

"You can't say a girl is 'curvy.' *Curvy* is a bad word. But *voluptuous* isn't a bad word. If she's got big boobs and a nice round ass, then she's voluptuous. She probably doesn't think she's a stick-figured woman. Voluptuousness is very sexy. I'd rather be voluptuous than a twig."

She checks out naked women

"If you're in a changing room and you see a girl who's really hot, of course you're going to look. Every woman looks, whether she's fat, short, tall, skinny—it doesn't matter. It's a part of who we are. That's why we love fashion magazines and looking at beautiful girls in pictures and on TV. It's just a natural thing. I don't usually size a girl up, but I sometimes think, *Oh, that girl needs to be on the treadmill a little bit longer.*"

She lies about sex

"Maybe one out of five girls are telling the truth when they say, 'I never do this on the first date.' They don't want guys to think they're getting around. You can't assume that every girl is lying when she says that, but if she's extremely sexual when you're at dinner, then—*pffft*, that's a lie! She's done that before."

Dear Scoundrel,
My girlfriend recently asked me how many people I've slept with. I don't know if I should tell her—I'm kinda concerned that she might not be comfortable with my number. And I don't want to know if she's slept with more people than I have. How do I handle this?—A.R., Pennsylvania

Faking amnesia will only make her wonder what you're hiding, so you've got to answer her question. But you can avoid unnecessary drama by choosing an arbitrary number that fits into her comfort zone. Crunch those stats, Poindexter, till you hit a low prime number: seven, 11, or 13—adjusted to her flooziness factor.

And if she tells you her tail tally, keep in mind that she probably counts like Wesley Snipes's accountant: excluding one-night stands, anything that happened behind the VIP-room curtain, and casual sodomy. But that's cool; she's expected to doctor her sex résumé—a sad reflection of the puritanical double standard enforced by our society's patriarchal penisocracy. Try to accept her number without judgment, and don't hook her up to a polygraph the next day.

Although her question likely stems from a concern that you are a man-whore, the number is only important for disease-assessment purposes. It's not complex; she wants to be sure you don't have the simplex. So do the right thing and get tested at the free clinic. Then say, "I'm clean. Who cares about that night at the Bangkok hotel with the hourly rate, 'cause all I see is you." Then do her. And do her proper. Or she'll flip through her Rolodex and call one of those 93 other studs.

Dear Scoundrel,
I am fully versed on urinal etiquette—stare directly forward at the wall and avoid conversation—but does that apply in the office restroom? It seems weird to ignore my boss if he's using the urinal next to me.—A.L., North Dakota

The general rules still apply at work. Do not make eye contact and restrict conversation topics to sports, weather, classic rock, the weekly meeting, and conference-room



THEY GET SO AROUSED AT WEDDINGS THAT THEY DROWN THEIR INHIBITIONS IN ELECTRIC SLIDES AND DIRTY MARTINIS.

snacks. Try, "Wasn't that blue-cheese dip delicious?" This is not a good time to muse about Björk or compliment your supervisor's new belt buckle. You can speak freely once you're at the paper-towel dispenser. Until then, speak only when spoken to. You are in a minefield. Tread carefully.

Dear Scoundrel,
I hit it off with a girl at a recent family wedding, and she gave me her number. She's not a blood relative, but we're still kinda related. Can I tap that?—I.B., California

Wedding celebrations take place in a glittery void of conventional morality, allowing the guests to do crazy shit. Women get so aroused by the novelty of marriage that they drown their inhibitions in Electric

Slides and dirty martinis. And after six hours of open bar and Gloria Estefan covers, the beauty of two families becoming one may—with the right prodding—devolve into something that resembles the outtakes from *Bridesmaids Gone Wild*.

As far as a sexual dalliance with your quasi-relative: Sure, you can still tap that. You can jerk off with toothpaste, too. Neither of them are good ideas, though. The law gives you a green light to get balls deep into a third cousin or an in-law. But come on, man, there are billions of people you can fuck on this earth. Try to pick one who doesn't already have a permanent seat at your Thanksgiving dinner table. So as the deejay spins "Total Eclipse of the Heart" at your next family wedding and you're in the corner ramming your tongue down your third cousin's throat, keep in mind that you are within eyeshot of people who once changed your diapers. If the song ends and she gives you her hotel-room key, just add her to your MySpace friends, call it a night, and drunk-dial the cocktail waitress who served pigs in a blanket. **OT**

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO
 SCOUNDREL@PMGI.COM



Michelada

Thought beer couldn't get any better? A helping of ice and lime will get you through the dog days. By Howie Kahn

It would seem that messing around with good beer makes about as much sense as slapping a slice of watermelon on your steak. Turns out, though, that brews like Pacifico, Corona, and Negra Modelo provide the foundation for a tasty tippie of dubious origin called the Michelada. Chances are, some guys in the back of a bodega whipped one

up to revive themselves on a sweltering day. No matter the history, putting a beer on ice, spiking it with hot sauce and black pepper, and adding lime will get you through any heat wave global warming has in store for this summer. The hot sauce is optional, but go with Cholula for maximum authenticity—unlike Tabasco, it's actually made in Mexico. When your friends ask where you came up with such an eccentric mix, just say you invented it yourself. They'll be too refreshed and impressed to doubt you.

SOME GUYS IN A BODEGA WHIPPED ONE UP TO REVIVE THEMSELVES.



MICHELADA

Method: Salt the rim of a pint glass. Fill halfway with crushed ice. Squeeze in the juice of half a lime. Add a liberal pour of Cholula hot sauce and one bottle of beer. Add a pinch of black pepper. Stir. Drink. Drink some more.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI



So much for soy's wholesome reputation.

3 VODKA
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT
BY NUMBER

3VODKA.COM

© 2006 3 Vodka Distilling Co. 40% ALC/VOL. Please drink responsibly. Serving Size 1.5 fl oz (42g); Calories 96, Fat 0g, Carbohydrates 0g, Protein 0g

NO CARBS

heet music

Jenna Presley knows exactly how to entertain herself when she crawls into bed. Here, the 20-year-old former cheerleader shows us all why we should be early to bed and late to rise.

Photographs by Ed Fox







"I was a straight-A student who wanted to do the news on TV. Posing nude is a very fun detour on that road."



"I love Los Cabos, Mexico.
The scuba diving
is amazing, and I could
happily live on
tacos and margaritas."





"I want to go to Paris,
but what girl doesn't?
And New York City,
so I can have sex in
the Statue of Liberty!"







“The most memorable
place I’ve ever had
sex was when
I went to a strip club
with a guy I was dating.”

WE’RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO
PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
TO SEE MORE OF JENNA, VISIT
PENTHOUSE.COM/JENNA.



The Preakness Needs Your Love

The Triple Crown's overlooked middle jewel is starved for attention.



The Preakness Stakes, which stages its 132nd running on May 19, suffers from a severe case of middle-child syndrome. Its Triple Crown siblings, the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes, get all the love: The Derby kicks off the series and is probably the most famous horse race in the world, full of prestige and tradition. The Belmont closes the series and often carries the heightened drama of a horse gunning for the Triple Crown.

Stuck in the middle, the Preakness feels ignored, and like middle children everywhere it acts out, sometimes in embarrassing ways. While the Derby has a world-famous nickname in the "Run for the Roses" and the Belmont—with its grueling, one-and-a-half-mile distance and

series-ending position—is known as the "Test of the Champion," the Preakness calls itself the "Run for the Black-Eyed Susans." Its champ receives, not a lush blanket of 554 roses like the Derby winner, but a mat of black-eyed susans.

It doesn't end there: In what clearly amounts to a cry for help, the Preakness has a beauty contest. Would the Derby even *dream* of something so tawdry? Of course not, but then, *it's the Derby*. It gets all the

attention. Last year's Miss Preakness was Cheryl Gill of Towson University, and wouldn't you know it, she has a blog. Under the cryptic title "Fleeting Beauty-Fearful Woman," Gill, a devout Christian, writes that God is totally okay with the swimsuit portion of beauty contests: "When God called me to do pageants, He knew there was a swimsuit competition. But He called me to this place anyway."

We understand. In fact, when God called us to work at *Penthouse*, we used Him as an excuse to explain it to our mom. But we digress. Back to the Preakness: Of course it even has a drink to "rival" the Derby's fabled mint julep. And it's called the black-eyed susan. (They really need to mix it up at Pimlico.) You can try it out yourself with the recipe at left.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

- One part vodka
- One part rum
- One part triple sec
- Pineapple juice
- Orange juice

Fill a 12-ounce glass with shaved ice. Add vodka, rum, and triple sec. Fill with equal parts pineapple and orange juice. Garnish with a cherry—and a healthy dose of overcompensation.

Penthouse Top 10 Baseball Names

OLD SCHOOL

5 MORDECAI "THREE FINGER" BROWN
Vaudevillian name aside, Brown was no novelty: He's a Hall of Fame pitcher who led the Cubs to their last World Series victory, in 1908.

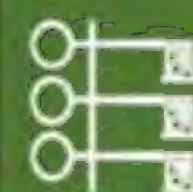
4 COOL PAPA BELL
James "Cool Papa" Bell is the Negro League center fielder who was so fast that Satchel Paige said, "He can turn off the light and be in bed before the room gets dark."

3 HEINIE MANUSH
Hall of Fame hitter or W. C. Fields sidekick? The left fielder—whose given name was Henry—hit .330 lifetime and led the Washington Senators to the 1933 World Series.

2 VAN LINGLE MUNGO
Sounds like a song lyric ... and eventually became one in 1969, when novelty songwriter Dave Frishberg wrote "Van Lingle Mungo."

1 CHIEF BENDER
Every group of friends has a "Chief" Bender. If you're not sure who yours is, organize a trip to Vegas. You'll find out. Charles Bender pitched for the A's from 1903 to 1914.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL DENVER/ICON SM; OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) GETTY IMAGES, GETTY IMAGES, LANDOV



Dan Wheldon (10) led much of last year's Indy 500 until a punctured tire derailed him.



IndyIQ

The 91st Indianapolis 500 goes off on May 27. Test your speedway knowledge.

1. Name the only two drivers who have won both the Daytona 500 and the Indy 500.

2. In 1999 I became the only driver ever to finish both the NASCAR Coca-Cola 600 and the Indy 500 on the same day. Who am I?

3. In 2005 Danica Patrick (left) became the first female driver ever to lead the Indy 500. For how many laps did she hold the lead?

4. Who is awarded the Borg-Warner Trophy?

5. In all of popular music, there appears to be only one reference to the Indy 500. Which song is it in?

ANSWERS: 1. Mario Andretti, A.J. Foyt; 2. Tony Stewart (he finished ninth in both races—then did it again in 2001, finishing sixth at Indy, third in the Coca-Cola); 3. 19 laps; 4. the winner of the Indy 500; 5. "Fun, Fun, Fun," by the Beach Boys

ON THE RECORD

“IF YOU THROW AT SOMEONE'S HEAD, IT'S VERY DANGEROUS, BECAUSE IN THE HEAD IS THE BRAIN.”
—TIGERS CATCHER IVAN “PUDGE” RODRIGUEZ



NEW SCHOOL

5 TIE: THE BERRYS: MARV THRONEBERRY, DARRYL STRAWBERRY, DAN QUISENBERRY

To paraphrase *Saturday Night Live*'s Chico Escuela, “Beisbol's been berry good to us.”

4 TIE: RUSTY KUNTZ/ DICK POLE

These two just missed playing against each other, as Pole retired from the Mariners in March '79, the year Kuntz came up with the White Sox.

3 BIFF POCOROBA Braves catcher edges Mets pitcher Bob Apodaca for this spot.

2 SIXTO LEZCANO Wasn't he the villain in *Three Amigos*? (Lezcano played for five teams in 12 MLB seasons.)

1 COCO CRISP Covelli's siblings nick-named him after Cocoa Krispies. He has some snap and some crackle, but Red Sox fans would like more pop from Crisp.



Red Dirt Blues

The most demanding surface in tennis continues to frustrate the game's best players.

There is the best tennis player in the world, and then there is the best clay-court player in the world, and not since the heyday of Ivan Lendl have they been the same. Roger Federer may have something to say about that by the conclusion of this year's French Open, which starts on May 27 at Roland-Garros Stadium, but until then, clay remains a vexing surface to recent tennis greats. Federer won three out of the four Grand Slam titles in both 2004 and '06, but missed out in France both years. Jimmy Connors, Boris Becker, John McEnroe, and Pete Sampras all failed to win a French Open singles title in their illustrious careers. No player since Rod Laver in 1969 has achieved a Grand Slam of winning all four majors in a calendar year, and the French Open has usually been the stumbling block.

Meanwhile, Spain's Rafael Nadal has used clay-court tennis to boost his ATP ranking into the top three, going unbeaten on the stuff in 2006. Nadal—unlike many other clay-court aces—is also competitive on hard court, but on clay he's almost unbeatable.

So why is clay-court tennis so different from grass or hard-court tennis? For starters, it's slower: The ball typically retains 59 percent of its initial speed when it hits a clay court, compared to 68 percent for hard court and 70 percent for grass. Clay grips the ball more firmly, exaggerating spin and kicking up topspin shots to shoulder height, making it difficult to hit winners. Power—arguably the central feature of modern tennis—is largely neutralized on clay, giving way to strategy, angles, and perhaps most of all, patience.

Clay can make hard- and grass-

court titans tentative and frustrated. "I play my best tennis on instinct," Sampras once said. "But on clay, I tend to overthink it—do I want to come in? Do I not want to come in?" There's also the footwork that clay demands, including the art of the slide. Clay-court specialists Nadal and Guillermo Coria of Argentina have perfected it, sometimes sliding

as far as ten feet to hit a shot. Others, as James Blake of the U.S. has noted, perform "the American slide": slide, hit the ball, slide a little more, then almost lose your balance."

It's a situation unique to tennis—other sports have varying surfaces, but nothing that produces such a wide gulf in results—and it can be a difference-maker in a player's legacy. Because while no one doubts Federer's status as one of the game's all-time greats, the minute he pulls off a win at Roland-Garros, you can start arguing that he's *the* all-time great.

"ON CLAY, I TEND TO OVERTHINK," SAMPRAS HAS SAID. "DO I WANT TO COME IN? DO I NOT WANT TO COME IN?"

Dirt devil: Nadal is the world's best clay-court player, having won the past two Monte Carlo Masters and French Open titles.



Captain America Returns

One-on-One With Claudio Reyna

David Beckham's signing gave Major League Soccer its biggest (okay—only) headlines this past off-season, but the acquisition that may make the biggest on-field impact came with a little less fanfare, just after the Beckham blockbuster. The New York Red Bulls inked longtime U.S. national team captain Claudio Reyna, a move that gives them a world-class midfielder and, they hope, a shot at their first title.

You were still playing at a high level at Manchester City, in one of the best leagues in the world. What prompted the decision to move to MLS?

My wife and I have lived away from the States since we finished college. That was 13 years, for me. And my wife was expecting our third baby, so we just felt it was a good time to come home and experience MLS.

Is there a chance Beckham will be surprised by the talent level in MLS?

No, I think he knows what to expect. He's very experienced. He's played around the world against different levels of opponents. But I think he'll have to get used to it. It's physical, and it's kind of fast as well. It's a different style. But I think he's going to enjoy the experience. And hopefully, the new fans who'll come out to watch him will realize that there are a lot of good players in the league, and he'll be able to persuade the casual fan to come out on a regular basis.

A lot of U.S. sports fans think the Yankees-Red Sox rivalry is big, but you've played in a Glasgow Rangers-Glasgow Celtic game—arguably the most heated rivalry in the world. What's it like being in a packed stadium for one of those matchups?

There is nothing like it in U.S. sports—it's Yankees-Red Sox times ten. I've always told my friends from the States that it is, without a doubt, a sporting event that any fan has to attend in person to truly understand the intensity of the rivalry. The stadium atmosphere, the hatred between both sets of fans, and the impact when you win or lose. It's an amazing game.

Can you remember any crazy stories from those games?

The first time I ever played in the rivalry, we won the title there. A fan ran on the field to attack the ref. The same ref got hit with a coin and was bloodied. It was pretty intense. But every one of those games—they were 90-minute blurs from the first minute to the last. And there was no holding back, no ducking out of any situation, because the fans would never let you forget it if you did.

What's the trick to keeping your American accent after living in the U.K. for so long—and can you teach it to U.S. goalkeeper Brad Friedel?

[Laughs] I don't know, man, his accent is ... I don't know if he's ever going to get the *American* accent back. His English one is so strong. But I never picked it up. I never had a bad New Jersey accent either. I think a lot of my friends would have made fun of me if I'd picked up an accent. So I never tried to pull an English accent.

One of my buddies went to Ocean Township High School in New Jersey, and he swears that he nutmegged you in a game your senior year.

The guy is dining out on this story. Can you confirm or deny it?

Well, my definition of a nutmeg is putting it through my legs and getting it on the other side. He might have put it between my legs, but I doubt he received it on the other end. But you get a lot of those stories from players way back in the day whose claim to fame is humiliating a guy who's gone on and played somewhere, so it's fun. Maybe I'll give it to him, but I might need some video evidence. 

Yanks Abroad Top 5

Claudio Reyna transferred from England to the U.S. this season, but lately, the flow has been in the opposite direction: There are more U.S.-born players in England's Premier League (12) than ever before. Here are the top five, goalkeepers excluded.

1 Brian McBride, Fulham
Gritty, hardworking goal scorer is having his best year yet, at age 34.

2 Carlos Bocanegra, Fulham
Defender finally has come into his own across the pond.

3 DaMarcus Beasley, Manchester City
Speedy winger transferred from Holland this season.

4 Oguchi Onyewu, Newcastle
He's six-foot-five, 215 pounds, and an extremely athletic defender who's now a fixture in the Newcastle back line.

5 Jay DeMerit, Watford
Astoundingly, this defender rose from seventh-tier Norwood to the Premier League in two years.



"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE GLASGOW RANGERS VERSUS GLASGOW CELTIC IN U.S. SPORTS. IT'S YANKEES-RED SOX TIMES TEN."

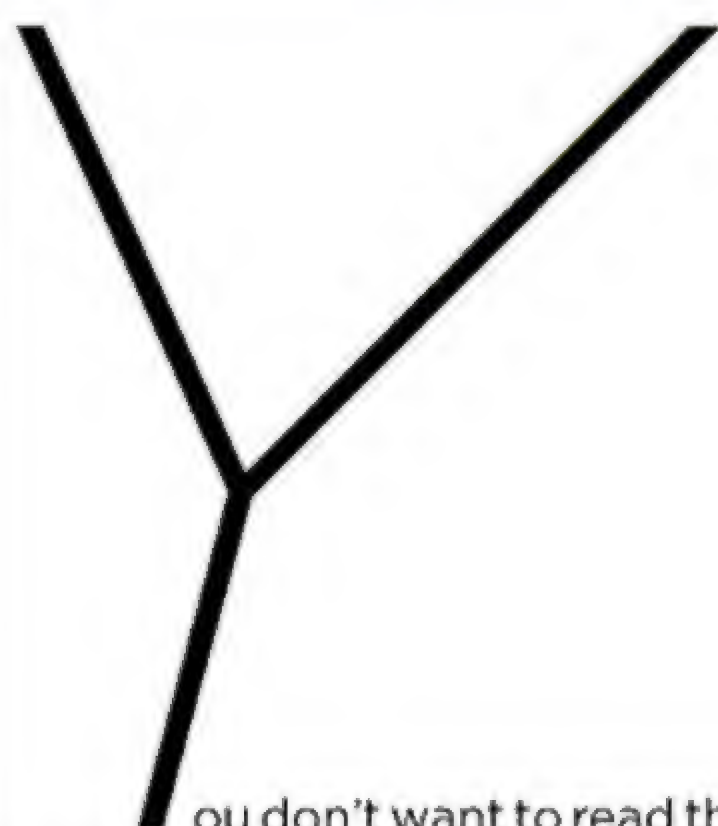


Owe Shit

Student-loan collectors make mob enforcers look generous—and what they do is all legal. Here's how to prevent your college education from ruining your life.

*By Anya Kamenetz
Photographs by Nick Ferrari*





You don't want to read this, but if you attended an institution of higher learning recently, a student-loan company probably owns a large piece of your ass.

Now, don't turn the page! That won't help. You're not alone—millions of others like you don't want to face the terrible truth: When student loans go bad, and they often do, they can absolutely destroy your life. So bite the bullet and take five minutes. After talking to hundreds of people trapped by the Mafia-like student-loan establishment, I know it's a lot better to deal with this earlier rather than later—because you might not have any later, once they're through with you.

Here's the grim reality: Fall behind on your loan payments for more than 30 days (known as *delinquency*), and penalties and fees start to mount immediately. Remain behind for more than nine months without making a payment and you're officially in *default*, a very ugly and very expensive word. The amount owed could quadruple or more, and your interest rate could rise to as much as 28 percent. With the full power of the U.S. Department of Education backing them, student lenders, including Sallie Mae and Citibank, can take a cut from your wages without even taking you to court. They can seize tax refunds, federal disaster-relief payments, and even your Social Security to pay off what they say you owe. If your credit score is ruined by a bad loan, you could have trouble getting a job or buying a house or car, or even lose your professional certification, depriving you of your livelihood. As Harvard law professor Elizabeth Warren has said, student-loan "debt collectors have power that would make a mobster envious." Just as if you owed Tony Soprano, there's no getting out of it until the day you die, and even then, they might come after your grieving mother and lean on her for the dough. And unlike other types of consumer debt—credit cards, car loans, mortgages—declaring bankruptcy on student loans is not an option.

Don't let it come to that. Here's our five-step plan to sanity.

STEP 1

ADMIT YOU HAVE A PROBLEM

You are powerless over your student loans. But don't worry, you're not alone. Sure, you've got a fat credit-card bill, the bachelor party in Vegas next month, and a hot new girl to wine and dine. That loan for Kalamazoo College is probably the last thing on your mind. Now that you're making money, you want to enjoy the fruits of your labor, not pay off your tuition.

That's totally understandable. It's also a huge mistake.

Take a deep breath and open up one of those monthly statements that have been piling up on the floor. Ignoring how much you owe and what you are expected to pay every month is a guaranteed road to disaster. Do not ignore your bills. Read the statement and find out what's expected of you.

But what if you can't find your statement? Not to worry. There are two Websites that can help you find out the status of your student loans: the National Student Loan Data System and the National Student Clearinghouse (see box on page 65). Your school's financial-aid office also can help.

You might be in a better financial position than you feared. Or it might be worse—but by knowing the facts, you are 100 percent

better off than if you remain in the dark. When it comes to student loans, ignorance is never bliss!

STEP 2

COME CLEAN

Always be up front and aboveboard with your lenders. They will be more helpful when future problems arise if they see you're responsible and communicative. Sending your regular payments on time is, of course, the best way to stay in touch.

Always make sure the companies listed on your statements have your current contact information. If you move and lose your bills, they're not going to forget about you. They *will* find you and hold you responsible for interest and late fees—on top of your loan. Why do that to yourself for no reason?

Always put things in writing when communicating with your loan company. Print out all e-mails. Keep a file folder with copies of letters, canceled checks, statements, and other documents—chances are, if there's a mistake, it won't be in your favor.

STEP 3

MAKE A PAYBACK PLAN

You do have some power to adjust your payments if you contact your lender while you're still in good stead. (Sense a pattern here?) The goal is to set a monthly amount that you can consistently keep up with on your current income. You can even have this amount direct-debited from your bank account so you won't miss deadlines. Pay off the loans too slowly and you'll shell out two or three times more on interest than you originally borrowed. Get in over your head with towering payments and you'll be zinged with late fees and penalties.

If you're lucky enough to have extra cash lying around, consider paying down your loan now. A quick rule of thumb: The higher the interest rate on your loan, the better it is to pay it off quickly. But if you're paying, say, four percent interest, you should invest in something more lucrative, like mutual funds.

PAYMENT PLANS DECODED

There are lots of ways to stretch out your payments on regular student loans, fewer with private loans. Read the fine print before committing to a plan. Some people are stuck with "income-sensitive" plans in which their monthly payments don't even cover interest, so over time, the total amount owed actually goes up.

Extended plans stretch out the payments for up to 30 years.

Graduated plans start with lower payments that increase over time. Direct Loans only features Income-Contingent Repayment. It ties your payments to your income, family size, and total debt. Interest is capped and the loan is forgiven after 25 years. This is one of the only ways you can ever walk away from a loan.

Consolidation combines multiple loans into one new loan, with one monthly payment and one fixed interest rate. Since you can only consolidate once and interest rates are currently high (but heading down), it's a good idea to hold off on this right now. An exception is if you have a low income. Then you might be able to consolidate into the Direct Loan program and take advantage of Income-Contingent Repayment.

Get a deferment, a break from your payments, while you're in active-duty military service, enrolled at least half-time in school,

THE STATS

- Percentage of college students graduating with loan debt, 1993-1994: less than 50
- Average student-loan burden for graduating seniors, 1993-1994: \$9,250
- Percentage of college students graduating with loan debt, 2003-2004: 66.2
- Average student-loan burden for graduating seniors, 2003-2004: \$19,200

Defaulters Anonymous

Okay—the game is up and you're in default. You owe a hundred grand on an original \$20,000 loan. You still have one legal option left—unless, of course, you have a rich uncle who's willing to foot the bill. You could pay off the loan company by putting the sum on credit cards. This is a very risky and expensive maneuver—the interest rates are killer. But with credit-card debt, as opposed to student loans, you have the backup option of declaring bankruptcy.

Second, while *Penthouse* doesn't condone illegal activities, some student-loan borrowers in dire straits have eluded collectors by

changing their name; using a P.O. Box rather than their home address; operating on a cash-only basis; putting homes and other holdings in the names of spouses, family, and friends; or moving out of the country. These are truly desperate measures and, in the end, usually wind up being much more expensive and self-defeating than following our five-step program.

LENDERS CAN
SEIZE TAX REFUNDS,
FEDERAL DISASTER-
RELIEF PAYMENTS,
EVEN YOUR SOCIAL
SECURITY, TO PAY
OFF WHAT THEY
SAY YOU OWE.



- Average yearly cost of attending a four-year public university, 2006: \$12,127
- Increase from 1985, after inflation: 77 percent

- Total national outstanding student loans, March 2007: \$470 billion
- Predicted total federal deficit, 2006: \$412 billion

- Number of qualified students who forgo college each year because of cost: 400,000

- Rank of credit cards and student loans as profit centers for financial institutions: 1, 2
- Growth of private student-loan market over past decade: 1,300 percent

- Rank of Sallie Mae among student-loan companies by volume of loans: 1
- Rank of Sallie Mae among the most profitable companies in the 2005 Fortune 500 list: 2

Cash Money

or if you're unemployed or living in poverty (for up to three years).

If you're not eligible for deferment, you may be able to get temporary forbearance for many reasons, including illness. This suspends payments, though you are still obligated to make interest payments to keep the interest from being capitalized (added on top of the debt).

Remember: Applying for special payment plans, deferment, and forbearance is not a sure thing. Continue payments until your application is officially accepted.

STEP 4

GET A HANDOUT

Can you get a helping hand with your payback? The GI Bill provides up to \$65,000 for active-duty soldiers and up to \$21,000 for National Guard members (but you might want to wait until the war in Iraq ebbs before signing up). AmeriCorps service pays up to \$4,725. Public-spirited nurses, teachers, doctors, and lawyers may be eligible for help through various state and school-based programs. Some private employers also offer education benefits—don't be shy, ask your recruiter or human-resources department.


STEP 5

MAKE AMENDS

Okay, let's say you're reading this article a few years after graduating, and instead of dealing with your loans, you moved across the country and pretended they didn't exist. It may take a few months, but once the lenders catch up with you and turn the bills over to a collection agency, your credit score will go down the toilet. Don't let this happen!

If you're behind on even one payment, call your lender right away. Ask, "What will it take for me to get back in good standing?" Offer an immediate good-faith payment of at least \$50. As long as they think there's still blood to be squeezed from a stone (that's you), they'll keep the loan active.

This cannot be stressed too strongly: Don't let those bills pile up! And if you have a disagreement with your lenders over payment histories, fees, or anything else, contact the Federal Student Aid ombudsman (see "Getting Help" box). You can also consult a bankruptcy lawyer—some specialize in student loans. But whatever you do, do something. If you keep ignoring those bills, you'll be toast.

Once you have a new plan, don't screw it up again. Nine months of on-time payments should be enough to get you out of default. And avoid those credit counselors who advertise on late-night TV. They'll charge you handsome fees for doing what you could do for yourself. 

*The author is a journalistic fellow at the Freelancers Union. Her book *Generation Debt (Riverhead)* is now in paperback. She blogs at AnyaKamenetz.blogspot.com.*

"PEOPLE HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE OVER THIS," SAYS ONE MAN IN DEFAULT. "I CAN RELATE TO THAT."

The Vigilante

Thirteen years ago, Britt Napoli borrowed \$26,000 in student loans. He's paid back \$31,000 so far, but he still owes \$71,000, and the amount keeps increasing every year. It's a debt he will never be done with, a Kafkaesque nightmare that casts a shadow over his whole life.

In the early nineties, Napoli was earning his master's and teaching degrees at a California state university while teaching in underserved Los Angeles public schools. January 17, 1994, was the start of his spring semester and the date of the Northridge earthquake. Napoli's apartment and car were in Reseda, near the epicenter, making him an official disaster victim. His college was also hit hard and many classes were canceled. Napoli's revised schedule fell two units shy of a full course load, but his college financial-aid office said not to worry. In fact, the National Direct Student Loan program eventually canceled about \$11,500 of his loan.

Sallie Mae acted differently. Dropping below full-time enrollment for a single semester triggered his loans from in-school deferment into delinquency and then default within a year. And in default he has remained.

Napoli has hired lawyers, appealed to the Department of Education's ombudsman, and once offered a

● Sallie Mae's share of the private loan market: $\frac{1}{3}$
● Rank of collection fees and penalties among Sallie Mae's fastest-growing sources of revenue: 1

● Growth in Sallie Mae's stock price, 1995–2005: 1,900 percent

● Total compensation of Sallie Mae chairman and former CEO Al Lord, 1999–2004: \$225 million

● Rank of amount received by former House majority leader John Boehner (R-Ohio) among members of Congress receiving campaign contributions from Sallie Mae: 1

● Amount Boehner received from the student-loan industry in the 2003–2004 election cycle, as he was overseeing amendments to the Higher Education Act: \$259,000



cash settlement of \$41,000, to no avail. His credit rating is ruined, leaving him to deal only in cash or pay exorbitant interest rates. He and his wife even moved from Los Angeles to Sacramento so he could more easily pursue his case with the state's student-loan agency. The \$31,000 he's repaid has been mostly through garnishment of his wages and interception of his tax refunds. Yet the amount due on his defaulted loans, with capitalized interest and penalties, is rising fast. In January 2007, EdFund, the new owner of his loans, raised his interest rate yet again, to a whopping 25 percent. "There have been people who have committed suicide over this, and I can relate to that," he says. "A lot of times I'll wake up in the middle of the night and I'll think about this. I feel that I've been wronged. But I can't get my day in court."

People like Napoli have found a defender—a man who's obsessed with trying to topple the college-loan empire. Alan Collinge is a former aerospace engineer and the founder of Student Loan Justice. He owes more than \$105,000 on an original \$38,000 debt. He has become the leading spokesman for those whose lives have been transformed by student-loan burdens.

Among the facts that fuel Collinge's rage is this: If he or Napoli had run up their debts by drinking too

much or playing online poker, they would have had more legal protection than they do as student-loan borrowers. And just as all good horror stories have their monsters, Collinge's villains include student-loan-industry executives who have taken home hundreds of millions of dollars while successfully lobbying for collection powers stronger than those wielded by other consumer creditors.

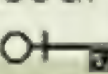
"The fact that the Consumer Bankers Association, Sallie Mae, and others were able to take bankruptcy off the table for private loans is nothing more than a testament to their draconian powers," Collinge says. "It's an absolute hustle; it's a scam." Without the threat of bankruptcy, lenders have little incentive to settle, leaving troubled borrowers on the hook for swiftly growing thousands. (The Direct Loan program, through which borrowers bypass lenders to get funds directly from the federal government, is notable for more borrower-friendly policies. Napoli's direct loans, for example, never went into default.)

Since founding the Website StudentLoanJustice.org in 2005, Collinge has collected more than 2,500 stories like Napoli's. The default rate on federal student loans

is only about five percent. But with the number of borrowers and average loan burdens rising swiftly over the past two decades, college tuition soaring far ahead of the rate of inflation, and especially with the ballooning growth of high-interest private loans, millions of people are facing a potential lifetime debt sentence.

In December 2006, encouraged by the Democratic victories in the fall elections, Collinge formed an official political-action committee. In January 2007, he took to America's highways in a 1988 Fleetwood Southwind RV, visiting the home districts of members of the House and Senate education committees to push the Student Loan Justice platform.

The first item on the agenda: some sort of amnesty for defaulted borrowers that would allow them to settle their debts by paying the principle plus a reasonable rate of interest, rather than a doubled or tripled amount with fees and penalties. "Let them get on with their lives," Collinge emphasizes. "And number two would go a long way toward preventing default: Allow the free market to operate to refinance student loans." (Right now, you can only refinance existing student loans once, through a "consolidation loan," and the interest rate is derived according to a federally determined formula.)

At press time, various Democratic bigwigs, including Hillary Clinton and Ted Kennedy, were pushing legislation to rationalize the system and protect borrowers, although most of the measures would not be retroactive to help those who have left college far behind. Collinge, however, has gone from pugnacious to optimistic: "The writing's on the wall that there will be some major changes. I get more encouraged with every day that goes by." 

Getting Help

StudentAid.ed.gov is the government's comprehensive Website on student aid. **FinAid.org** is one of the best private sites, with dozens of tools to help you calculate your debt

payments. National Student Loan Data System: **NSLDS.ed.gov** National Student Clearinghouse: **StudentClearinghouse.org** Direct Loan Servicing center: **DL.ed.gov** Sallie Mae: **SallieMae.com** Federal Student Aid ombudsman: **Ombudsman.ed.gov**

● Value of Sallie Mae stock sold by Al Lord on February 1 and 2, 2007, days before the president announced \$19 billion in cuts to lender subsidies: \$18.3 million

● Value of the same number of Sallie Mae shares on February 5, when the news sent the stock to a two-year low: \$16.9 million

THE STATS

Sources: 1–4: Project on Student Debt; 5–6: College Board; 7: Student Debt Alert; 8: Office of Management and Budget; 9–11: U.S. Senate; 12: Gateway Reports; 13–18: *Fortune* magazine, Dec. 12, 2005; 19: *Chronicle of Higher Education*; 20–21: *Washington Post*

The W/Id Ones

When winter melts away, the bikes come out to play—and motorheads migrate to Daytona to launch the summer riding season and check out all the latest models.

By Bill Heald

The ritual known as Bike Week has expanded to a full ten days of two-wheeled revelry, and has become the premier showcase for the industry's newest hardware. Of course, there are also lots of hot women in minimalist swimwear, but what really makes this annual party cook are the bikes, and this was the first time all the latest models could be seen in action in one place. While camped in huge tents along International Speedway Boulevard, the major motorcycle manufacturers rolled out their demo fleets so prospective buyers could get seat time on these new rides. Here's a sampler of some of the latest and greatest bikes idling in a showroom near you.

TRIUMPH ROCKET III CLASSIC TOURER

Triumph's Saturn V blasted onto the scene about two years ago, and this incredibly powerful British steed has now (finally) been graced with a tour package for road trips—namely, capacious saddlebags and a well-designed windshield that make rocketing from coast to coast a truly comfortable

journey. But while comfort is good, thrust is better, and the Rocket's massive 2.3-liter triple delivers endless torque and a unique feel and exhaust note. This bike is also beautifully balanced for excellent low-speed maneuverability, and well braked to ease your reentry into the earth's atmosphere. \$16,399





KAWASAKI NINJA ZX-6R

Kawasaki's 6R has always done well, but this year it decided to stomp the competition by redesigning the bike and hiring former GP rider Tomomi Manako as chief development rider. The new Ninja is more flickable through tight turns and has an amazing inline four that redlines at 16,500 rpm (and has more mid-

range torque than ever before). The race-ready riding position is a pain around town, but this bike really belongs on the open road where it can run free, just as the motogods intended. \$8,999

A TRUE RACETRACK
REFUGEE, KAWASAKI'S
NEW NINJA IS
A WINNER RIGHT OUT
OF THE BOX.

Freewheelin'



BOSS HOSS SUPER SPORT

For those who believe there's no such thing as too much muscle, the Boss Hoss Super Sport grafts a 355-horsepower V-8 onto a motorcycle chassis and adds appropriate accessories like a seat and fuel tank (with a shape like Pam Anderson's profile) to create a two-wheeled monster truck. The engine is mated to a two-speed semiautomatic transmission (with

reverse), and a trio of sizable disc brakes is on hand to slow the package. Wicked cornering is not this beast's forte, but it's perfectly rideable despite its half-ton-plus mass. Heavy metal has its price, though, and you'll cough up at least \$39,500.

A DARK HORSE FOR THE SPORTSTER LINE, HARLEY'S LIGHTWEIGHT SPORT HOG IS A MINIMALIST MASTERPIECE.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON XL 1200N NIGHTSTER

The Sportster has occupied a unique niche in the Harley lineup as a classic, no-frills bike that is sportier and less portly than the typical Fat Boy. It's also considered an entry-level hog, thanks to a spartan personality—which includes lots of vibes while idling—and a more affordable price than most of the

ornate cruisers that clogged Daytona's busy boulevards. The new Nightster celebrates the Sportster heritage with dark, elemental styling, a torque-rich 1,200-cc V-twin engine, and an aggressive riding position (by Harley standards) that urges you to spur the creature through traffic like an iron buffalo. \$9,595



HONDA SHADOW SPIRIT 750 C2

The always cutting-edge Honda is going retro. The Shadow Spirit 750 is a stylish V-twin cruiser with a refined, liquid-cooled mill. But instead of state-of-the-art fuel injection, it has a carburetor! While everybody's doing full disc brakes, the Spirit's rear brake is a polished drum that looks pirated from a 1970s beater.

Instrumentation consists of a speedometer and not much else. But this bike has classic character, a laid-back riding position, and a deep, throaty exhaust note; the engine is small but satisfying. And at \$6,799, the Spirit is a steal.



JUST BECAUSE THEY BUILD
DANCING ROBOTS DOESN'T
MEAN HONDA CAN'T
CREATE A CARBURETED
CLASSIC, TOO.



Hell Boys and High Banks

DAYTONA MIXES LOW-SPEED STREET PROWLING WITH MASTER BLASTING



The racers called it the Handlebar Derby, and it began on a beach in 1937. The American Motorcyclist Association's first Daytona 200 drew competitors from all over the country who returned every year to try to grab some glory. But this rite gradually morphed into an annual party, ultimately dominated by outlaw biker types who cared nothing about racing. Beer, bikes, and babes (not necessarily in that order) lured in most of the pilgrims, yet the great race continued

and moved to Daytona International Speedway in 1961.

Now, most of the true outlaws have left to carouse outside the city. And while the rumble of straight-pipe Harleys is mellow, you can see as much leather and tattoos as you do sunburned tourist flesh. Over at the speedway, the 200-mile fight of the fastest is still a spectacle of speed and endurance, but the

1,000-cc Superbike class has been replaced by Formula Xtreme 600s. This year the Kawasaki ZX-6R took the top two spots on the podium, with Attack Performance Kawasaki's Steve Rapp battling his way to victory and his teammate Ben Attard bringing home second place. Unlike NASCAR's Daytona 500, the Daytona 200 has a road-course section that merges with the high banks and demands cornering, braking finesse, and balls-to-the-wall speed.



Stolen honor

Soldiers on the front lines are furious about how they're portrayed in the media. Matthew Currier Burden tells us why.

Do not fear the enemy, for your enemy can only take your life. It is far better that you fear the media, for they will steal your honor. —Bobby McBride, crew chief, 128th Assault Helicopter Company, RVN 1969–1970

On Memorial Day 2003, Major Mathew Schram was leading a convoy in Haditha, Iraq, for the 3rd Armored Cavalry in the early watches of the morning. The convoy was ambushed by 15 of Saddam Hussein's Fedayeen. Schram fought the ambushers the only way possible—by attacking directly, since attempting to evade them would have led to Schram's men being cut down. Schram called for support and engaged the enemy with his rifle. Two of the Fedayeen's 7.62-mm bullets struck his armpit—lucky shots to an area devoid of body armor—and entered his heart, killing him instantly. But he did what he set out to do: bust up the ambush and save the convoy. Schram was the only one killed in the incident.

Mat Schram was my friend and a former colleague. At his funeral, we discovered that he also had saved a major newsmagazine journalist who was with the convoy. But that newsmagazine never published a story about how Mat died, let alone put his sacrifice into a larger context. Mat received some local recognition in his hometown paper, but nothing more than one sentence from a military press release in the national media: "Army Maj. Mathew E. Schram, 36, of Brookfield, Wis.; assigned to the Headquarters & Headquarters Troop Support Squadron, 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment, Fort Carson, Colo.; killed by enemy fire May 26 in Haditha, Iraq."

When I read those indifferent words, I exploded. I resolved to do something, anything, to tell the stories that weren't being told by the media. I began to publish e-mails and stories from the front lines on a blog—www.Blackfive.net—that became the most popular military blog on the Internet. One of the reasons Blackfive took off was that it enables soldiers to comment publicly and instantly on issues they care passionately about. And now, they will also be able to tell you what they want you to know.

When I was talking with *Penthouse* editors about writing this column, they asked me, "What's the most important thing that soldiers in the field want our readers to know?" Based on thousands of communications, as well as my own experiences, the answer is: Soldiers want you to know the truth about what they're doing, the dangers they're facing, the victories they're achieving, and the difficulties they have just getting the truth heard. In response to this overwhelming need, "Warrior Wire" will bring you the ground truth from active military in Iraq and Afghanistan, and from veterans after they rotate back to the U.S. We'll also discuss issues of weapon technology and development,



"I KNOW BETTER THAN WOLF BLITZER WHAT THE AMERICAN ARMY CAN DO TO OUR ENEMIES, AND I VOLUNTEERED TO DO IT."

post-traumatic stress disorder, rules of engagement, and other topics that military folks and their families feel are important for you to know about.

I'd like nothing better than to know that one day this column won't be needed anymore—that the reputation and honor of the vast majority of our fighting men and women did not need defending, that the soldiers did not need an outlet for their voices. But since they still do, this is what they want you to know: They're furious about how they're depicted in the media. A staff sergeant on the Pakistan-Afghan border writes, "I am tired of CNN claiming that they are showing 'news,' with videotape sent to them by terrorists, of my comrades being shot at by snipers, but refusing to show what happens when we build a school, pave a road, or open a water-treatment plant...."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE) AP (2), MAX BECHERER/POLARIS



And an infantry corporal in Sadr City furiously e-mailed this as the troop “surge” began earlier this year: “Shia Imams preach the control of Iraq and Iranian support. They talk about the weakness of Americans, and the things they will do if America continues to interfere with their destruction of the Sunni. And the media of my home lap it up. They sing doom on every station, until it has gotten to the point where even soldiers begin to hear and believe that nothing can be done in this stupid country.

“So here it is ... My permission form, my request, perhaps my last act. I want to take back Baghdad, because living here and not doing anything is just making it easier for me to be killed. Because a straight fight gives me better odds than waiting for the improvised explosive device. Because I am tired of my friends being hurt while criminals hide in mosques, laughing about how

easy it is to put in shots on the Americans. Because I have to order a soldier to get in a turret to wait for a sniper to shoot him in the face or throw a grenade at him, but if I order him to shoot at a car, I will be investigated and jailed. Because I know better than Wolf Blitzer what the American Army can do to our enemies, and I volunteered to do it.”

A Marine Corps sergeant in Ramadi, Iraq, wrote a sarcastic message to me after seeing me on Fox News: “I was hoping you could thank the media for completely giving up and abandoning everybody who is in and those of us who are going to the suckage ... makes us feel like we have a real purpose and all.... Just thought they’d be more inclined to listen to you.”

Controversy sells. News organizations devoted über-coverage to the Abu Ghraib scandal, and every soldier I talked to believes that Abu Ghraib was an important story. The *New York Times* had it on the front page for weeks. In comparison, the same paper devoted a mere several hundred words to Sergeant First Class Paul R. Smith, who died saving 100 soldiers during the invasion of Iraq and was awarded the Medal of Honor—our nation’s highest award for courage and valor. But most Americans do not know his name.

Our soldiers are not looking for a free pass; they just want to be heard, like this sergeant stationed in Baghdad: “Sadly, most American soldiers are probably known for getting caught in IEDs, killing poor defenseless women and kids, and giving schools crayons. That makes up all of our press these days. Seriously, you never see a positive profile about a unit’s combat effectiveness anymore.

“I need a better PR guy.”

THE AUTHOR’S BOOK, *THE BLOG OF WAR: FRONT-LINE DISPATCHES FROM MILITARY BLOGGERS IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN*, WAS PUBLISHED LAST YEAR BY SIMON & SCHUSTER.

The Fakebook

How to seem like a better person without actually doing anything

By Amir Blumenfeld, Ethan Trex, and Neel Shah
Photograph by Nick Ferrari

Vol. III

Even if you never set foot on the playing field, chances are your physical prowess or lack thereof will eventually be put on display at the gym. In terms of completely avoidable sources of stress that people inject into their lives, going to the gym ranks right behind trying heroin for the first time. You start going because you want to tone up your frame and maybe meet some girls. You then quickly realize that you're not going to get 20-inch biceps by doing a hundred push-ups a week, no matter how loudly you grunt as you do them, and girls aren't really approachable while sweating profusely on an elliptical with iPod headphones planted firmly in their ears. If you simply must go, you can always try to get there before the daily rush, then leave as everyone shows up. People will think you've been throwing up some serious weight for hours, when really you've just been walking on a treadmill and watching *ALF* reruns.

GETTING OUT OF PLAYING SPORTS

Just like it's better to keep one's mouth shut and be thought a fool than open it and remove all doubt, it's better to stay on the sidelines of a game like a wuss than have everyone find out you throw and run like a prepubescent girl. The following tactics will

help you avoid embarrassing yourself.

- "Cramp up" as you're warming up. Cramps are great because they're completely debilitating but have no visible symptoms and won't linger into the next day.
- Cite a fictitious, previously sustained injury. Did you tear your ACL playing football in high school? Well, you did now. And you can't play a pickup game without your knee brace. Ultimate Frisbee? Sounds fun, but you have tennis elbow.
- It's common knowledge that anybody with asthma can't do much of anything active. Pick up a used inhaler from the children's hospital and carry it around.

LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN LIFTING MORE

Nobody wants to get off the bench-press machine and have the young lady who was waiting see that you were struggling against 70 pounds. Make it look like you were throwing up some serious

GO LOCAL
Sports Team
AND/OR
★★★★
COLLEGE!





“THAT FARTING NOISE
I KEEP EMITTING
DURING DOWNWARD
DOG ISN'T SILLY
TO ME, IT'S A
SPIRITUAL RELEASE.”

weight by discreetly moving the pin further down the stack. This way, she'll get on the machine and see that you were throwing up a deuce and a half. Sure, your chest would probably look bigger if that were the case, but who knows?

DON'T LIFT, SPOT!

You don't like lifting heavy things, but you still want to be known as the kind of beefy dude who hangs out in the gym all day? Get a gym membership and a loose-fitting T-shirt and begin spotting everyone in sight. You'll quickly gain a reputation as that helpful guy who's always at the gym, so you must be pretty cut underneath that extra-large Beefy-T, right? Nobody will know that your only athletic skill consists of lightly pulling on a bench-press bar with your index fingers, shouting, “Come on, one more! Good!”

YOGA: DON'T UNDERESTIMATE IT

Yoga is a spiritual date-rape drug. By sucking it up and joining that 8 A.M. class, you are giving off the following message: “I'm a sensitive guy who isn't only worried about how big I get; I'm also concerned about my spiritual well-being. Also, I'm not afraid to embarrass myself in front of others or break a sweat before work. Furthermore, that farting noise I keep emitting during downward dog isn't silly to me, it's a spiritual release. And lastly, I'm extra bendy in the sack.”

Not only is yoga a gold mine for attractive gym goers, it gives you a chance to be cute and self-deprecating in their presence, and they love that. If you think they're impressed by your biceps and ability to chug protein shakes at an alarming rate, you're mistaken. Also, odds are you will be the only male in there because most guys think yoga is for pussies.

FAKING YOUR WAY THROUGH A SPORTS PARTY

Every sports-loving group of friends usually has one member who knows absolutely nothing. However, he still comes over to watch the big game with everybody else, but only because he likes the company and the seven-layer dip (more specifically, the cheese layer). If this person is you, you should still know how to act at a sports party, even if you don't know the difference between a 6-4-3 double play and a 3-2-3 double play (moron!).

Don't: Ask who the “red team” is. There's nothing that makes you sound more ignorant about sports than reducing a team to a color. Just wait until one of the teams scores and check to see how the scoreboard changes. Or wait for a close-up and read the name on the front of the jersey.


Do: Keep your mouth as shut as possible. If you just keep to yourself and enjoy your cheese layer in silence, nobody will be angry at you.

Don't: Change the channel during the commercials. Half the fun of sports parties is watching the testosterone-infused commercials, and making fun of them.

Do: Try to get into the game. Most non-sports fans can find something exciting about a particular game's storyline. Choose a favorite team and become a fan for three hours. Then when they lose, bang your fist on the table.

SPORTS BETTING

This is a tough situation. You don't know anything about sports, but you also don't want to seem like a retard around your new friends when they ask you whether or not they should “parlay the over with the money line on those four-point dogs.”

Since there's no way you plan on cultivating an interest in sports after all these years, the next best thing you can do is at least know what the hell they're talking about. That way you'll seem slightly more manly taking in a day of shopping and a Cirque du Soleil show while your friends are yelling at the giant TVs in a sports bar. 

EXCERPTED FROM FAKING IT: HOW TO SEEM LIKE A BETTER PERSON WITHOUT ACTUALLY IMPROVING YOURSELF, BY THE WRITERS OF COLLEGEHUMOR.COM, PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DUTTON, A DIVISION OF PENGUIN GROUP (USA), INC. COPYRIGHT © 2007 BY COLLEGE HUMOR PRESS, LLC.

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Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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Penalty for Early Withdrawal?

Can this "Secret Formula" Really Improve Your Stamina and Performance?

Ask Steffanie:

Hey Fellas - If YOUR "Timing" issues are keeping HER from scoring the BIG O - then read this letter that reveals the sex secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in the pleasure zone!



Dear Steffanie,

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important STAMINA secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance was less than adequate when it came to his "timing". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated - he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine."

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock", he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

Dear Readers,

I did some research on Vivaxa and here's what I found: Vivaxa uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology. It's the first sexual performance and control enhancer on the market to utilize Calmosensine™. It soothes overstimulation to help men significantly enhance stamina and performance without desensitizing female partners. Check out Vivaxa by calling **1-800-860-8571** or visit www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com and receive a **FREE TUBE PLUS** get \$200 worth of **FREE GIFTS** with your order - **FOR A LIMITED TIME**. Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call today! **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing lubricants on the market that might help his stamina and performance but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman - which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great, so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend also told him that if he really wanted to improve his control and performance and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new product called **Vivaxa from the makers of Maxoderm (the #1 topical male enhancement product that's recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S. for instantly improving erection quality).** The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on

the planet! It actually **HELPS** erection quality and firmness. And best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application so it won't numb a woman! Improved erection quality AND enhanced stamina - it seemed too good to be true!

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before - by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter - I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used Vivaxa, a quality control and performance enhancing product that lets him put in the extra time without numbing her! I know they're still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** if you call **1-800-860-8571** or visit their website at www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com. Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

Pamela B., Nashville, TN



Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Calmosensine™ is a trademark of Sederna, Inc. The information featured above has been compiled from actual letters we've received from a few of our many satisfied customers. Customer testimonial results may not be typical. The pen name Dr. Steffanie Seaver is used for privacy purposes. All credentials are actual. PENT0507

She's come undone

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JULES; STYLING BY HANNAH KENDALL

Kimberly Williams is proud to be a little bit country, but she's no bumpkin. As a flight attendant on a billionaire investor's corporate-jet fleet, she's seen most of the world—and of course she's a card-carrying member of the Mile-High Club.

Photographs by Misha

SHOT ON LOCATION AT THE HOLLYWOOD
ROOSEVELT HOTEL, A THOMPSON HOTEL





"My mom is from Thailand and my dad is a redneck. You can go into one room of the house and hear 'Sweet Home Alabama,' and in another room there's traditional Thai music."





A woman is posing in a dark, possibly black, environment. Her legs are spread wide, and her arms are raised, with her hands resting on her thighs. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body. In the upper right corner, there is a quote in white text.

“The most exciting place I’ve made love is in an airplane hangar while I was restocking a plane. I was wearing my uniform—guys love that whole role-playing thing.”





"I love the eighties!
The Police, Bonnie Tyler,
all the big-hair rock
bands. My theme song
is 'Here I Go Again,'
by Whitesnake."

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MISS KIMBERLY WILLIAMS
PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Pet of the Month

Kimberly Williams

Kimberly

VITAL STATS

28 years old, 5'7"
36D-24-32

HOMETOWN

Panama City Beach, Florida

FAVORITE FOOD

Thai is a must

FAVORITE WORKOUT

SEX

FAVORITE MUSIC

rock 'n' roll, baby!

IF I HAD A MILLION

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MISS KIMBERLY WILLIAMS
아라 **PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH**

MISS KIMBERLY WILLIAMS
OF ² PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





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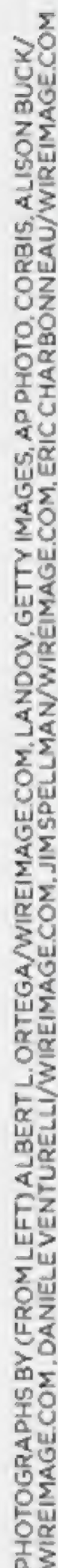


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JUNE 2007



What difference does it make when you lost your virginity? Does it actually say something about what kind of life you'll lead? A recent study suggests that the younger a man is when he pops his cherry, the more likely he is to become a delinquent later in life. Tommy Lee lost his at 13. Coldplay's Chris Martin? 22. Enough said. But how many other celebrities can back up this study? We find out.



PORN ART STAR

Zak Smith has a degree from Yale, a painting in the Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection, and he gets to fuck porn stars for fun.

Making art can get you a gig in porn. Since college, this painter has been creating portraits of women, many of whom are in the sex industry, that seem equally inspired by Egon Schiele and comic books. Then in 2003 he embarked on a nine-month stretch during which he devoted his waking hours to illustrating each of the 760 pages of Thomas Pynchon's novel *Gravity's Rainbow*. Two years after he completed the project, alt-porn director and Pynchon fan Benny Profane reached out to Smith and asked if he could use a few of these pieces in an adult film. Smith agreed, but jokingly told him, "And if you need anyone to fuck anyone in this movie, give me a call." Profane did, and Smith's adult-film experience inspired his newest series: *Drawings From Around the Time I Became a Porn Star*.

Last year, you made your porn debut fucking Veronica Jett in Profane's *Barbed Wire Kiss*. Around this time you also began creating art focused on the porn scene. Why?

I think that when people think of porn, especially the girls, they don't think of full human beings. I wanted to convince people that real lives are being lived. It's also about being a cog in the machine. It's not about me making art. It's art about what this whole thing is like.

What grabs your attention?

Sometimes the most interesting thing will be the doughnut box. There's one with a girl and a porn-set pizza. This pizza came right before two people

were supposed to do their sex scene. I remember thinking, *Oh boy, pizza!* Then I looked over at the guy and he's completely naked, trying to keep a hard-on, and I was like, "Hey, you want some pizza?" I realized, no! He doesn't want to think about pizza, he doesn't want to see us eating pizza. That was something that caught my attention.

Has porn affected your sex life?

It's vastly improved it. Plus, it probably sorted out a few base-level doubts that every girl has about every guy, like ... oh ... you know [*laughs*].

Is it strange to know that your friends can watch you have sex?

They really don't want to hear about it. In Berlin, one of my movies was in a festival, and it was the first time I had seen it. [On-set] I had been saying to this girl, "Suck it, Pixie. Just fucking suck it." I was yelling at her and saying all this porno shit because she's not a blowjob girl, but I'm trying to stay hard, so I was micromanaging the hell out of this blowjob. The director left it all in the soundtrack. It was so embarrassing. I was in the front row, and I have this distinctive profile, and I just wanted to die. So sometimes it's nice that my friends don't know anything about it.

How does the art world compare to the porn world?

The art world is the most boring social scene I've ever seen. In the art world, there's a certain level of bullshit that people try to reach so they can make their art seem important, and then after that they just want to get stoned and have fun. Their idea of

fun doesn't seem to involve nearly enough sex. There's a really easy way to define whether you're at a good party: Are the girls naked? If the girls are naked, you're at a good party. If they have their clothes on, it's a bad party. So art-world parties are *always* going

to be worse than porn parties.

How long do you plan to stay in the porn business?

As long as it's fun. People who got into porn right away are like, someday I want to get out of this and do something with my life. But I did something with my life. It wasn't nearly as fun as this. I have a painting in the Museum of Modern Art. It's okay. It doesn't really get you laid, though.

"I have a painting in the Museum of Modern Art. It's okay. It doesn't really get you laid, though."

DEFINITION

RACK-JACK \rak\jak\ v.

To prevent your wingman from scoring by hitting on the girl he's warmed up. See also: *cock-block*



ROCK HER BODY

After a night with this new vibrator, we'll never think of the Beach Boys the same way again.

When it comes to sex, I'm a low-maintenance kind of gal. I don't need bells and whistles to get me going. But when I heard about OhMiBod, a \$69 vibrator that would work with my iPod, I was intrigued.

Lying in bed that night, I put the 5.5-inch vibrator to the test with a mix of 22 songs that included everything from the Beach Boys to Avenged Sevenfold. The first hitch I noticed was that the track layer OhMiBod synced with was anyone's guess. On the Beastie Boys' "No Sleep Till Brooklyn," it buzzed in time with the rhymes, but on Avenged Sevenfold's "Bat Country," the vibes aligned with the guitars.

While metalcore might be fun to fuck to, I don't recommend

adding it to your girlfriend's OhMiBod playlist because she's likely to have an experience that's like sitting on a jackhammer.

Hip-hop tracks go either way. 2 Live Crew's "Face Down Ass Up" made the vibrator thump nicely, but Kanye West's "Gold Digger" fell flat. It kept time with West's lyrics and bumped along like a clumsy lover.

But there were songs on my playlist that really quickened my heart rate, including "Suck My Kiss," by the Red Hot Chili Peppers; the Beach Boys' "Fun, Fun, Fun"; and "Kinda I Want to," by Nine Inch Nails. It was Rob Zombie's "Foxy, Foxy," however, that finally took me over the edge, with its fast guitars, samples of moaning girls, and an unrelenting, mounting rhythm that peaked at the chorus. Thanks, Rob!—R.S.

LOVE POTION NO. 1

52% HORNIER

What makes women horny? Uh, testosterone. One recent scientific study's findings should help you in your quest to get laid. Sari van Anders, a researcher at Canada's Simon Fraser University, monitored women's testosterone levels pre- and post-sexual activity. Her team found that women's hormone levels jump following intercourse (30 percent) and cuddling (52 percent). They also found that women who have sex are more likely to want sex the next day. Though the greatest

boost occurs after snuggling, she's most likely to experience the big O if she has higher levels of testosterone. So if you're having trouble getting your lady in the sack, try turning her on with some old-fashioned foreplay. Allow one touch to lead to another and create a rewarding domino effect.

THEY SAID IT



"I'm a sexual, free, fucking nudist little bird running around ... and a wood nymph when it comes to sexuality."
—Drew Barrymore

(Source: *Jane*)

The real pants-off dance-off

Penthouse goes to the poles for the seventh annual G-String Awards, where dancers compete to out-swirl and out-strip the competition.

Photographs by Jason Tanaka Blaney



A

Cat Woman prowled, a cheerleader stripped, champagne rained down, and at least one crotch caught fire. Welcome to the seventh annual Gold G-String Awards.

Held the weekend after Mardi Gras at the New Orleans Penthouse Club, the G-String Awards are the ultimate national competition for exotic dancers. As she primped backstage, contestant Stormy Daniels hoped to build on a recent string of accolades that included Penthouse Pet of the Month and *Adult Video News* Contract Star of the Year. "If I win this, it's the triple crown," she said. "I've gotten second twice. I'm out for blood."

New Orleans Penthouse Club operating partner Mark Allen established the invitation-only competition back in 2001. "It's the most fairly run contest on the circuit," Stormy said. "This is the only one I enter."

Stormy grew up 70 miles from the French Quarter in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, but her local roots afforded her no advantage. Over four nights, she faced stiff competition. Judges and onlookers reveled in Ashlynn Grant's naughty-nurse routine, Brandi Morgan's sexy red devil, Zoe Britton's belly dancer, Victoria Valentino's hot-wax exhibition, and Daisy Duxxx's spangled G-string and lollipops.

Taylor Vaughn stripped off a black-sequined gangster suit and clamped a man's head between her thighs. To the industrial stomp of Rob Zombie, Kloey Love set her limbs on fire and invited one daring guy to light a cigarette from a blue flame licking at her G-string. "Guys have a tendency to blow the flame out," Love later explained. "The key is to suck."


In honor of the New Orleans Saints, newcomer Keira Riley peeled off a black and gold cheer-leading outfit augmented with pom-poms and high kicks. "It's high energy," she said. "I feel free up there, and it makes the crowd go nuts."

Schevelle, another rising star on the national showgirl circuit, saluted Halle Berry with a Cat Woman routine that included audience members tagging her rear with paint handprints. Then she pressed them on a blank canvas—instant ass art.

Stormy's old-school burlesque show, set to "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," was an homage to Marilyn Monroe and Madonna, while her chief rival, Aspen Reign, materialized onstage in an elaborate Marie Antoinette-inspired gown.

But in the end, Stormy earned her triple crown with the overall gold medal. "I went with a classic show that was about being feminine and sexy," she said. "It worked."

Schevelle, named Best New Showgirl, was thrilled to win the overall bronze. "This is something I'm very proud of. Especially with competitors like Stormy and Aspen, it's an honor to be up there with them."

And a pleasure to behold. 



Clockwise from above: The winning loot for the awards show—jewel-studded G-strings and shiny medals for the best dancers; Stormy Daniels performs her winning burlesque routine; Stormy makes a splash onstage in a champagne bowl; the full lineup of winners (from left)—Taylor Vaughn,

Daisy Duxxx, Keira Riley, Ashlynn Grant, Victoria Valentino, Stormy Daniels, Aspen Reign, Schevelle, Brandi Morgan, Zoe Britton, and Kloey Love—pose with their awards.



TAYLOR VAUGHN
STRIPPED OFF A
GANGSTER SUIT AND
CLAMPED A MAN'S
HEAD BETWEEN
HER THIGHS.





"GUYS HAVE
A TENDENCY
TO BLOW
THE FLAME
OUT. THE KEY
IS TO SUCK."

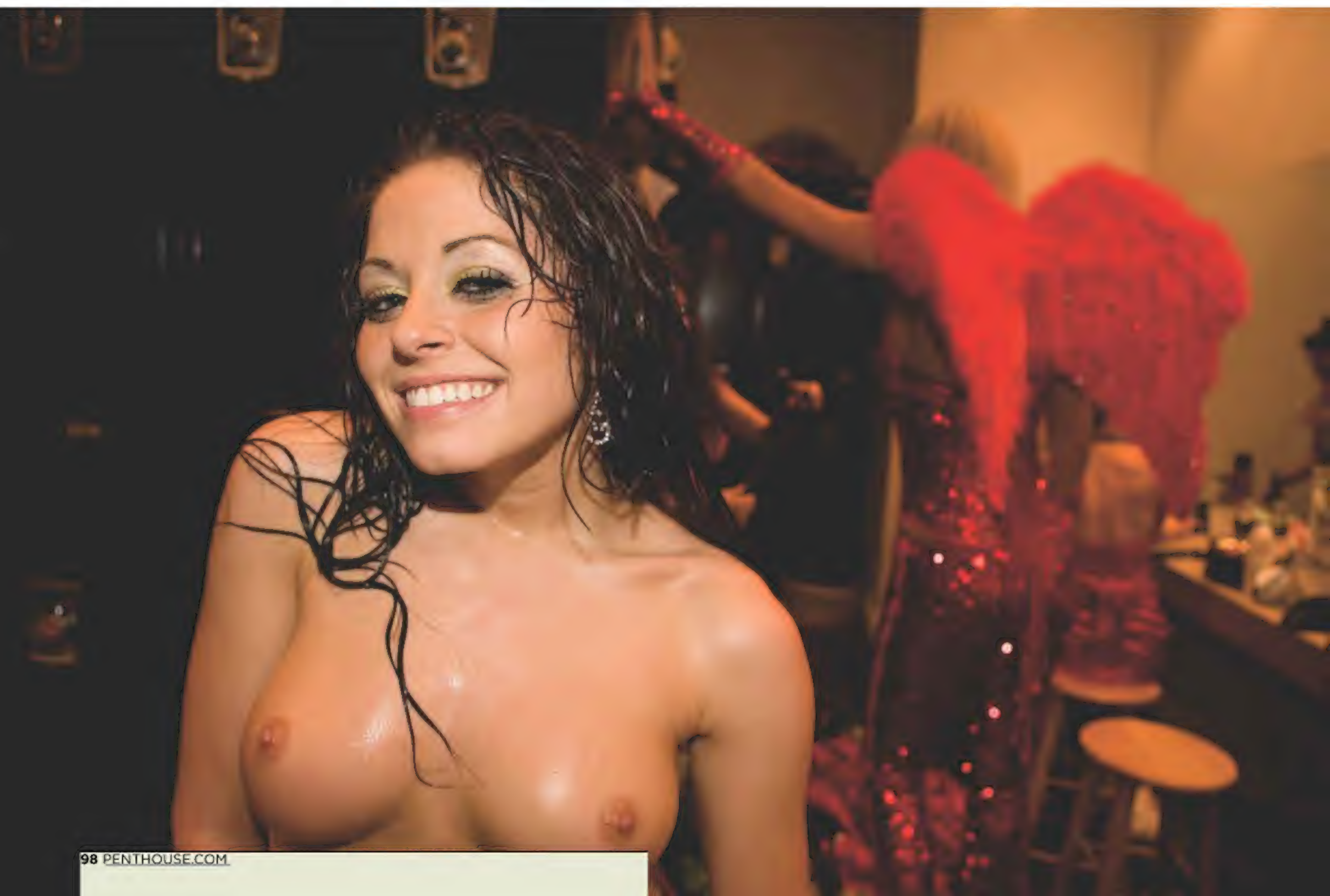


Clockwise from right: Brandi Morgan gets to second base with herself backstage; Stormy Daniels, Schevelle, Taylor Vaughn, and Aspen Reign hang out in the dressing room; Zoe Britton tries to

lick her competition, Brandi Morgan, in more ways than one; a glistening Keira Riley smiles brightly for a photo; Victoria Valentino and Brandi Morgan share a lip balm backstage.



"I WENT WITH A CLASSIC SHOW THAT WAS ABOUT BEING FEMININE AND SEXY. IT WORKED."





Street Smarts

FUZZ Logic

Our very own Officer Friendly explains how to make the least of your next run-in with Johnny Law.

By Eddie McNamara

Few people really *like* cops. They have the ability to take away your freedom, lighten your wallet, or make you the unwilling star of one of those hilarious Taser videos. When you need one, they never seem to be around—and if they are, they never seem to be all that helpful. I know because I was one for seven years, and I'm still not sure how I feel about the fuzz.

Police officers have a front-row seat in the theater of the absurd, where grown men act like children and it's always the worst day of somebody's life. But how you act and what you say during an encounter with the five-0 can determine whether it will be yours. In most cases, your fate lies in your own hands. Here's what you need to know in order to leave with a smile, not in cuffs.

THE MAN IS NOT ALWAYS OUT TO GET YOU. Ninety percent of all law enforcement is done by ten percent of the force. Those are the tools you see on *Cops*, with high-and-tight dickhead haircuts and an inflated sense of self-importance. They are the former high school bullies who stuffed smaller kids in lockers, or, more likely, the kids who got stuffed in the locker—only now they're empowered with a gun, a badge, and a lifelong grudge. That gives you a 90 percent chance that your encounter will be with just another guy who's punching the clock and wants to get through his day with the least possible amount of hassle.

MIND YOUR MANNERS. Police officers are not armed information booths or handymen with badges. There is a limit to what a cop can and will do for you. Before you approach one for help, ask yourself, "Would I *call* the police for this?" If not, you're asking for a favor, not a public service you're entitled to. To bring out his inner Officer Friendly, try, "Sorry to bother you, Officer, I was wondering if you could help me out." Most cops will go out of their way to assist you, even in nonpolice matters—they'll change tires, lend out their cellphones, drive people to a destination they can't find—but not if you come off as a prick, like the guy who demanded I help him carry his luggage through the airport. When I politely told him that I couldn't, he hit me with the classic "Do you know who I am?" and pulled out a magazine with his face on the cover. Hey, jerk-off, sorry you missed your flight.

YOU'RE ENTITLED TO COMPLAIN ABOUT LOUSY SERVICE. At the other end of the bell curve is the type of cop who avoids police work at all costs and is lovingly referred to as a *ball bag* because



he just kind of hangs around and does nothing. While these guys like to make themselves scarce, they occasionally have to answer a call. They're the ones who tell you there is nothing to be done about your kid's stolen bike, and that filing a report about your crack-dealing neighbor is a waste of time. They're trying to "shit-can" your call to make it and you go away.

If you truly feel like you are getting jerked around, the best way to get some action is to ask for the officer's name and badge number, and threaten to call his or her supervisor or file a civilian complaint. Fear of docked pay or losing vacation time will motivate them to cover their asses by going through the motions with you. Just remember that civilian complaints are taken very seriously, so don't resort to one unless the guy is truly useless, abusive, or legitimately unfair to you—otherwise it's a waste of everyone's time, along with the taxpayer money everyone's always so concerned about wasting.

KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS. If a cop is hurting for cash and needs some overtime, an arrest toward the end of his tour is the easiest way to get some—it's called *collars for dollars*. A cop who is looking for an arrest will begin a rash of car stops as his workday is winding down. That way, he can check for outstanding warrants, haul you off to central booking, and score some extra time on the clock. Check your watch before making that U-turn, taking a quick hit off that roach, or pissing on the side of the road. Shifts are usually broken up into 3 P.M.–11 P.M., 11 P.M.–7 A.M., and 7 A.M.–3 P.M., so try not to act like an animal for at least three hours a day.

WORK THE WEATHER. If you do something stupid in your car while it's raining, snowing, or freezing cold, you're probably golden. No cop in his right mind wants to get out of his cozy cruiser to write a ticket for a minor moving violation. But if you



POLICE OFFICERS HAVE A FRONT-ROW SEAT IN THE THEATER OF THE ABSURD, WHERE GROWN MEN ACT LIKE CHILDREN AND IT'S ALWAYS THE WORST DAY OF SOMEONE'S LIFE.

make him put on one of those gay plastic hat covers to write you up in the rain, you're going to get hammered with tickets.

ALWAYS HAVE ID. Even junkies carry their methadone program cards. You, with the multi-pocket cargo pants, have no excuse. Without ID, you can be arrested for a violation—bag of weed, drinking on the street, jumping a turnstile—that would normally be resolved with a ticket, a court appearance, and a \$100 fine.

DON'T BE A DICK. Seriously. Take a deep breath and tell yourself, "I am not going to act like a dick." Then, abide by that for a few minutes. Refrain from sucking on your teeth and saying something like, "You only pulled me over because ... I'm black, Asian, Hispanic, Jewish, Muslim; I have long hair, blue hair, dreadlocks, a Mohawk; I drive a nicer car than you, I have a Gore/Lieberman bumper sticker, I'm a white guy, and you are reverse-racially profiling me..." I know you're dying to tell your friends about how you got victimized by the big bad fascist pig, but you got stopped for the idiot thing you did, not for how you look. I'm sorry that doesn't sound as cool. Avoid enraging him with "Don't you have anything better to do?" or "I pay your salary." Keep your tone friendly and conversational—if you are likable or have big tits, you'll probably get off with a warning.

CHANNEL DAVID BLAINE. If you get pulled over, rely on the power of distraction. Instead of focusing on what you did wrong (70 in a 45), talk about your shitty job: "Sorry, Officer, I was stuck at work today for 16 hours and just wanted to get home." He's done the exact same thing after a long workday spent dealing with people like you, so he may take pity on you. Or turn him into a de facto mentor by saying, "I just took the police test. Man, I really don't want to screw up my chances. I'm so sorry—is there

anything you can do to help me out?" Lastly, we've said it before, but it bears repeating—having a big rack is like having a get-out-of-jail-free card, so consider getting implants.

MAKE FRIENDS WITH A COP, OR BE RELATED TO ONE. Being tight with Johnny Law means you really *can* score a get-out-of-jail-free card. It's called a PBA (Patrolmen's Benevolent Association) or FOP (Fraternal Order of Police) card. Cops get them from their union to give out to friends and family. During a car stop, discreetly hand it over with your license and registration. Unless the guy who pulled you over is the biggest prick who ever lived, he won't write up another cop's family member—and FYI, if you are just a friend, you have suddenly been promoted to cousin.

ARGUE YOUR CASE IN COURT, NOT ON THE STREET. When you start arguing with the cop writing you a ticket, you're asking him to seek out new ways to fuck you. On my first day of field training, I witnessed an irate motorist who kept yelling, "I can't believe someone who makes \$30,000 a year is telling me how to drive." Instead of getting one ticket for an illegal left turn, he managed to talk himself into three more and an impounded car.

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, LEARN TO SHUT UP. If you get arrested for something remotely serious, the only word that should come out of your mouth is "lawyer." The detectives interviewing you are experienced, and it's perfectly legal for them to lie to your face. You, on the other hand, are a scared schmuck whose legal experience is limited to the few episodes of *Matlock* you sat through with your grandfather so he wouldn't forget you in his will. Let a professional unfuck your situation for you.

DON'T BRING STUPID SHIT TO THE AIRPORT. You have a fool's chance of getting away with drugs, since most dogs are sniffing for bombs these days. But remember, weapons and the airport don't mix. Airport screeners treat everything with the utmost seriousness, so you should leave your clever brass-knuckles belt buckle and gun cuff links at home.

KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS. Whether you're carrying a crack vial, a cellphone, or a Snickers bar, now is not the time to start waving it around or clutching it suspiciously. Unless you're looking for 50 Cent-caliber street cred or trying to end it all with a suicide-by-cop, drop whatever you're holding and keep your hands where they can be seen. Police encounters are stressful for both parties, so don't do anything that could make the officer feel as if he's in danger. At the end of the day, he just wants to go home—not make the front page of the paper. **OT—**

Eddie McNamara retired after seven years as a police officer in the New York metropolitan area and is now a freelance writer.



How to Have Sex With a Racist

In this expanding world of interracial dating, a young black man doesn't always know what—or who—he's getting into. The writer currently known as the Assimilated Negro explains how to bed a bigot and still respect yourself in the morning.

Finally, America is the melting pot they always said it would be. Blacks, whites, Puerto Ricans, Indians, hipsters, crackers, and more are all getting a taste of the once-exotic and forbidden fruit. It's like the new national mission is Manifest Miscegenation Destiny.

But with all the interracial mating going on, where does that leave the racists? Why should they be left out of the multicolored orgy? What I'm trying to say is: Racists gotta have sex, too, and if they want to dip their lily-white toes into other gene pools from time to time, so be it. Besides, it's not like couples have to agree on everything.

Now, for a young African-American male like myself, sleeping with a racist can get stickier than a tar baby, but I should clarify what I mean when I say "racist." I don't mean the hard-core, "That's Mrs. Jim Crow to you, boy," white-supremacist types. I'm talking about casual bigots; the girls who just don't know any better. Maybe they had racists in the family—say, old Uncle Johnny wanted to annex Harlem to Sierra Leone—but she's spent enough time giggling on black guys' laps at her liberal-arts college to know you can "go black" and still go back.

This girl might even swear she's not a racist, but she'll overcompensate when you hang out with her, busting out all the hip-hop on her playlist or telling you how she's "internalized the cycle of poverty" in the ghetto. And if you let on that you dig a band like OK Go, she'll stare at you like you're a science experiment gone awry. She's not malicious, just a little clueless.

Sometimes you can peg these girls right away. Sometimes you won't

know until later in the evening, after you've already devoted your night to getting in her pants, when she'll say something like, "Can I run my fingers through your woolliness?" That's when you have to look deep inside and decide what kind of man you really are.

Luckily, penises rarely take offense at racial miscues. They don't soften at a perceived slight or shrink away from venal stereotyping. Still, they do listen to the brain, and once your brain has determined there's a racist on its radar, it's possible your conscience is going to rear its ugly head and start moralizing. But sex is fueled by a primal urge that trumps all isms: conservatism, Zionism, even racism. It's the ultimate meritocracy. So, for example, if Maya Angelou and Ann Coulter were the last two women on earth, I might feel conflicted. My conscience would want to make that caged bird sing—but hot is hot, and my libido is going with Coulter, who'd cut a sexier silhouette in the post-apocalyptic glow.

I'm not saying it's easy. I certainly went through some Malcolm X years, when there was no chance I could have performed without breaking down in the middle and babbling on about how my great-great-great-grandparents were slaves and didn't risk their lives going north just so I could go south on some

SHE'LL GO THROUGH HER STEREOTYPE CHECKLIST: RUBBING YOUR SKIN, CHECKING OUT THAT "WOOLLY" HAIR, EVALUATING THE SIZE OF YOUR RACIAL EQUALIZER.

ethno-curious chick from Amherst. With that in mind, I have a little advice that should help in case you encounter stealthy racists on an innocent night out.

If you want to know for sure whether you've stumbled upon the real thing, the best test I've found is to simply bring up a hot-button issue. Ask about reparations, or if perhaps Ku Klux Klan had a point when he went on his n-word tirade last fall. Or suggest that maybe the latest black person to be inadvertently slain by police officers shouldn't have been playing "Fuck tha Police" on his car stereo. If she exhibits a general ease with the topic, then she's probably not a racist. But if she gets visibly nervous or takes pains to say the right things, you've probably found your mark.

A casual racist may presume you like chicken (don't we all!) and have a big penis (don't we wish!), but at least she's learned from Jay-Z and 50 Cent: Negroes don't actually *sell* crack anymore, we just rap about it. This can be confusing, but what it means is that even if a racist clutches her bag when she sees you on the street, she might let you touch her coochie after a couple of drinks.

Once you've gotten over the initial hurdles, it's time for action. You'll need to be prepared for her to go through her stereotype checklist: rubbing your skin, checking out that "woolly" hair, and, of course, evaluating the size of your racial equalizer. You may want to designate a specific Q&A time so she can discover that you are just as ignorant about your roots as she is:

Her: "Do you know what African tribe you descend from?"

You: "Umm, A Tribe Called Quest?"

Racist romps can easily go from sexual fling to fetish, so be prepared to draw the line if the exploratory experimenting gets out of hand. If she wants to chain you to a wall and call you Toby, say good night. Otherwise, let racism be your guide and hateful emotions be your aphrodisiac. And the best part is that sex with a racist is always a win-win situation in terms of performance. If she comes, you change her life forever. And if she doesn't, then whatever, fuck her—she's a racist anyway. **O+**



Christina

Kickin' it

In her Ohio hometown, 22-year-old Christina Goins always knew how to let loose and have a good time. Now she's showing the rest of the country what a real Buckeye can do.

Photographs by Michael Benisty







"I prefer contact sports,
so I'm a football girl.
I love it because it's so
masculine. Or maybe
it's just the tight pants."

HAIR BY LESLIE RAMIREZ, MAKEUP BY MELANIE HARRIS, STYLIST: FRAUKE DOROTHEA JOHN





"I like it when guys approach me as a lady—instead of saying, 'Hey, come over here. I want to talk to you.' Didn't their mothers teach them anything?"

"I can be really shy, but I always wanted to model. It's fun, I like the attention, and I like to be noticed. Getting all dressed up and taking pictures is totally me."





"Going on Howard Stern's show was a lot of fun. I got naked for them and they all gave me a ten, which is pretty hard to get! I felt awesome about that."

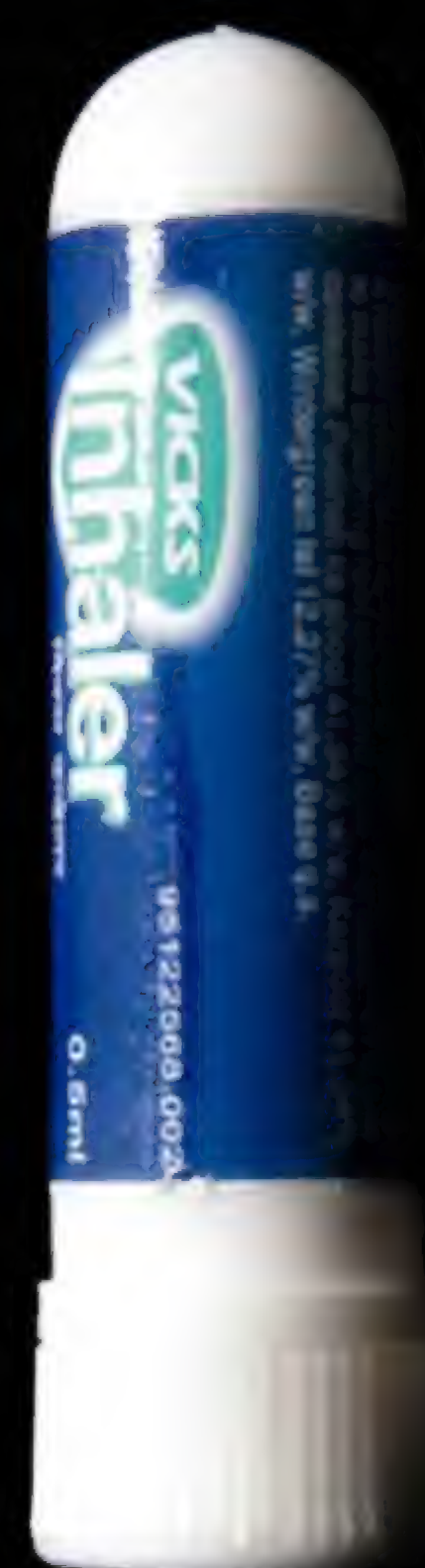






"I've always been known as a pretty girl. I'm the exotic type, and since I was a kid everyone said I should model. Well, I'm sure doing it now!"

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
TO SEE MORE OF CHRISTINA,
VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/CHRISTINA.



Photographs by Nick Ferrari



A Vicks Vapor Inhaler (above) got British skier Alain Baxter in trouble with the World Anti-Doping Agency and its chief, Dick Pound (left); U.S. swimmer Kicker Vencill (below) fell victim to a tainted vitamin supplement.



Enough time has passed, finally, for Kicker Vencill to sound philosophical about the drug-testing nightmare that turned his life upside down. "What goes over the devil's back comes underneath the devil's belly," he says, quoting some folksy wisdom he learned from his grandmother back home in Kentucky. In other words, after suffering more than his share of the devil's handiwork, he's ready for a little karmic payback.

On the drug-testing timeline that began with the first Olympic drug tests in 1968 and runs through Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson, the 1998 Tour de France, the Bay Area Laboratory Co-Operative (BALCO), and Floyd Landis, Vencill is a minor player,

though it surely didn't feel that way to him. His ordeal began in the winter of 2003, as he was preparing for the most important 18 months of his long swimming career. He came home from a morning workout to find a FedEx package on the doorstep of his home in southern California. In some circumstances, this might mean good news. But when he saw who'd sent the package, Vencill knew that it was anything but: It was from the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency (USADA), the body that oversees drug testing for the U.S. Olympic Committee, the Pan American Games, and the Paralympics.

With a churning stomach and a pounding heart, he opened

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (DICK POUND) CORBIS, (KICKER VENCILL) ASSOCIATED PRESS



The straight dope

*WARNING: Consumption
of these seemingly innocuous over-the-counter items
may result in a positive drug test for competitive
athletes, shatter lifelong dreams, waste years
of training, and brand them as cheaters.
Merrell Noden gets inside the overzealous
World Anti-Doping Agency.*

the package and read the grim news: An out-of-competition urine test he'd taken two weeks earlier had come back positive for something called 19-na, which he soon learned was a steroid metabolite of norandrosterone. Vencill, who had qualified for that summer's Pan American Games as a freestyler and hoped to make the Olympic team the following year, was facing a four-year suspension and certain disgrace.

At this point, most athletes deny, deny, and then deny some more. Vencill did, too. Mostly, though, he was perplexed by the positive test: Where had the stuff come from? It was a minuscule amount—just four nanograms per milliliter—far less than would provide a performance boost. But under the “strict liability” standard of the drug code, that didn't matter. He was as guilty as if he'd been mainlining megadoses of the stuff.

Over the next two years, Vencill would spend far less time swimming than fighting the system. “It's like a twisted version of the legal system,” he says. He had two hearings, one in Indianapolis and one in Denver, which altogether cost his family an estimated \$40,000. And when it was all over, he was still suspended for two years—a stretch that would include the U.S. Olympic trials.

For most athletes, that's it. They've got no choice but to serve out their suspensions. But Vencill, who earned his unusual first name for his pugnacity in the womb, would not give up. While swimming for Western Kentucky University, he'd studied agricultural science and worked part-time for a veterinarian. Science had been used to screw him; maybe it could help him now. He gathered up the four supplements he had been taking—flaxseed oil, amino acids, a recovery drink, and a multivitamin called Super Complete—and sent them off to be analyzed by an independent lab. The results shocked him: The multivitamin he'd been taking for four years contained not one but *three* steroid precursors, none of which was listed as an ingredient.

This probably should not have surprised Vencill as much as it did. In a 2001 study commissioned by the International Olympic Committee, 15 percent of the 634 supplements tested were found to contain steroid precursors not listed on the label. “Some of the contamination is just sloppiness on the part of the companies because there's no oversight,” says Howard Jacobs, the Los Angeles-based lawyer who has represented Vencill along with some 30 other athletes, including Marion Jones and Floyd Landis, on various drug-related charges. “But I also believe that there are supplement companies out there that intentionally spike their product.”

Vencill went to his second hearing armed with this information, but it did nothing to overturn his suspension. Real-world law may recognize intent as a mitigating factor, but the drug code does not. According to the World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA), the body to which USADA reports, if something is in your system, you are responsible for it. This is WADA's “strict liability” policy, and as Vencill would learn, it is indeed strict. Asked to provide an example of truly exonerating circumstances, WADA chief Dick Pound once said, “If Nazi frogmen kidnap you and inject steroids, that's probably not going to be two years.”

Vencill sued the manufacturer, Ultimate Nutrition, and was awarded \$578,635 by a unanimous jury decision. This was vindication of sorts, though bittersweet. “Some people said to me, ‘That's way more than you ever would have made swimming,’ which is true,” Vencill says. “But that's not the point. It's the

THE MULTIVITAMIN
CONTAINED
NOT ONE BUT
THREE STEROID
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The Anti-Doping Judge and Jury

WADA chief Dick Pound brings a not-so-hidden agenda to his post.

When Olympic-sports observers try to explain the bitter zeal that Canada's Dick Pound brings to the pursuit of drug cheats, most point to the 1988 Games in Seoul, where Pound was called upon to defend his country's new Olympic hero, sprinter Ben Johnson. Pound—a lawyer who was a vice president of the International Olympic Committee (IOC) at the time—asked Johnson whether he was guilty of doping. Johnson assured him that he was not, setting Pound up to be embarrassed and ultimately disillusioned.

The humiliating experience turned him into a crusader, and when he was named chairman of the World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA), Pound immediately transformed the office into his own bully pulpit. He regularly issues

pronouncements—publicly linking Marion Jones to the Bay Area Laboratory Co-Operative (BALCO) in 2006, for example—that fly in the face of his organization's rules safeguarding impartiality and confidentiality.

Pound's fervor has characterized his entire career. After finishing sixth in the 100-meter freestyle at the 1960 Summer Olympics, Pound took a job with the Canadian Olympic Committee and eventually worked his way up to president of that body. He joined the IOC in 1978, and landed a blockbuster \$403 million TV contract for the '88 Games.

In 2001, Pound ran for president of the IOC, hoping to succeed Juan Antonio Samaranch, whose term was rife with corruption and scandal. When he lost to Belgium's Jacques Rogge, Pound assumed his post at WADA, and he often seems to be using it to maintain a high profile in the Olympic community. Pound has seemed especially outraged

by drug suspects from the U.S., and he hasn't limited his public comments to Olympic athletes, either. He's leveled accusations of performance-enhancing drug use at members of the National Hockey League and at seven-time Tour de France champion Lance Armstrong.

There may be widespread doping in sports, and there's also a desire to police it. But it's a testament to Pound's status on the international scene that when the IOC's ethics committee rebuked him for his comments concerning Armstrong, the deafening cheers came from well beyond the Armstrong camp. **OT**



Pound (above) made public statements about the cases of runner Bernard Lagat (right) and sprinter Marion Jones (below) before they were resolved.

Neither athlete tested positive. The same cannot be said for French cyclist Richard Virenque (bottom right), whose entire Festina team was ejected from the 1998 Tour de France—a watershed moment in sports doping.



principle of the thing. They took away a dream from me. And there are still people who look at me funny.”

This is a story about drug testing, which means that it takes place in a shadow world of suspicion, innuendo, and paranoia. That’s been true of every drug-related story for decades, but the Internet has given rumors powerful new wings. Whatever the real extent of the drugs-in-sports problem—and there is a great difference of opinion about even that—its growth in the 1960s was actively ignored. Sure, the IOC conducted drug tests at the Olympics starting in 1968, and added anabolic steroids to the list of banned substances in 1976. Critics argued that these announced in-competition tests were about as meaningful a deterrent as the speed trap that everyone in town knows about. It was no problem for athletes to curtail their regimens in time to test clean.

The truth was that nobody, apart from a few lonely zealots, wanted to catch anyone. Everyone—meet promoters, athletes’ agents, federation and Olympic officials, TV executives, coaches, the athletes themselves—had way too much invested in pushing performance steadily forward. To the extent that it was a concern at all, doping was more of a PR headache than anything else. There were those who believed that the testing standards and procedures had been made ridiculously complicated on purpose, in order to give procedural loopholes to athletes.

Things changed after the huge doping scandal at the 1998 Tour de France, when the French Festina team was expelled from the race and two others were investigated on drug-related

charges. The IOC decided it was time to get serious about testing. In the hopes of imposing uniform standards and testing procedures, it created the World Anti-Doping Agency and named Dick Pound, a Canadian tax lawyer and IOC vice president, as its chief executive.

Even those who regard the creation of WADA as a step forward believe that Pound has been the wrong man for the job. For a lawyer, he seems to have little regard for due process. Last August, when word leaked that sprinter Marion Jones’s initial A sample from the U.S. national championships had tested positive for the blood-booster erythropoietin (EPO), Pound’s response should have been one of outrage—that WADA’s own rules, which promise confidentiality until the B sample has been tested, had been flouted. Instead, he seemed scarcely able to contain his glee, crowing, “If the results [of the A test] remain as announced, it is a sign the system works to give athletes the benefit of the doubt.”

Of course, those results *weren’t* confirmed: Jones’s B sample was negative, just as miler and two-time Olympic medalist Bernard Lagat’s B sample had been negative three years earlier—after news of

his positive A sample had been leaked. But the stigma endures. This is punishment by smearing athletes who, according to the agency’s rules at least, have done nothing wrong. Instead of leading the premature charge against them, Pound ought to have been apologizing and promising a thorough investigation into how the A-sample results were leaked.

“WADA is out to get as many positive tests as it possibly can to justify its existence,” says Dr. Brent Rushall, a retired professor of exercise and nutritional sciences at San Diego State University. “The testosterone and EPO tests are absolutely crummy. They should be thrown out. They are so unreliable.”

Not only does the EPO test require the subtlest diagnostic skills—some familiar with the testing of Jones’s A sample insist it was borderline at best—but there are also two forms of the hormone, one of which occurs naturally (EPO) and one that is

Buyer beware: After testing positive for trace amounts of an obscure steroid called Boldione, University of Virginia swimmer Rachael Burke pointed to a protein-boosted fruit smoothie she bought from a local shop the night before the test.



made in the lab (rHuEPO). The problem with the test that WADA introduced with great fanfare at the 2004 Sydney Olympics is that it cannot necessarily distinguish between the two.

Because testosterone occurs naturally in the body, the test for it looks at an athlete's ratio of testosterone to epitestosterone. The assumption is that most people's ratio will be close to 1:1. After setting the allowable limit at 6:1, WADA recently dropped it to 4:1. Even then, for a not-insignificant chunk of the population, their naturally occurring ratio is much higher. At the 1984 Games, Japanese volleyball player Eiji Shimomura failed the test and was sent home in disgrace. He was essentially locked up by his country's mortified Olympic committee and extensively retested. Those results revealed that his naturally occurring testosterone ratio was 11:1. Such "outliers" are uncommon, but occur frequently enough that it seems certain the tests will, from time to time, penalize innocent athletes.

Vencill is hardly the only athlete to have tested positive for substances that seem to have been taken in complete innocence. Another is Zach Lund, the U.S.'s top hope for a gold medal in skeleton at the 2006 Winter Olympics in Turin. Lund tested positive for something called finasteride, which apparently he'd been taking in a hair-loss treatment. For the six years he'd been using the stuff, Lund had been dutifully checking for finasteride on the banned-substance list. But alas, when it counted most—in

"HE GOT SCREWED," VENCILL SAYS. "IT WAS A JOKE THAT THEY TOOK HIM OUT OF THE OLYMPICS."

the months leading up to the biggest competition of his life—Lund failed to notice that finasteride had just been added. Finasteride, by the way, doesn't even qualify as a performance enhancer, but it can be used to mask the presence of other drugs by creating "white noise" in the lab test, so it is banned. The Court of Arbitration for Sport announced its decision to suspend Lund "with a heavy heart," but he missed the Olympics anyway.

"That poor guy got screwed worse than I did," says Vencill. "It was a joke that they took him out of the Olympics."


Cases like Vencill's and Lund's leave WADA's critics sputtering with indignation. "The cure is worse than the disease," says Dr. Rushall, who offers a laundry list of WADA's shortcomings, including a confusion of recreational drugs with performance-enhancing substances; questionable or nonexistent science; and a willingness to trample basic civil liberties and due process. "To be an athlete today, you give up all sorts of rights that the U.S. and the U.N. decry when other nations restrict them," Rushall says. "It's damn hypocritical."

WADA lab technicians work under a gag order at 34 labs around the world, and the lack of transparency only invites suspicion. When drug testing was conducted by the national federations and the IOC, there were obvious conflict-of-interest issues. Now, because of WADA's closed-door policies, there are serious questions about procedure.

Duke law professor Doriane Lambelet Coleman, a national-caliber 800-meter runner in the 1980s and an advocate for athletes to this day, is fairly optimistic about WADA's potential but sees areas that clearly need work. "A lot of the science is good, but some of it is questionable," says Coleman. "They will tacitly admit that some of the science is questionable, but it's the best that they have. In those circumstances especially, attention to justice issues is really important."

"Justice issues" include whether someone who's inadvertently ingested a banned substance should be dealt with in the same manner as a deliberate cheater. Surely there is a middle ground, and WADA seemed to acknowledge one in January when, after several months of internal debate, it circulated a draft of revisions to its code. The key change was the acknowledgment that the strict-liability standard under which Vencill was punished should be eased. There is also talk of creating longer lab profiles of athletes in order to identify outliers, like the Japanese volleyball player, before their cases become doping issues.

Vencill, meanwhile, returned to swimming in the summer of 2005. He is able to see the irony in what was once a maddening situation: Had he made the Olympic team in 2004 and competed in Athens, he probably would be retired now. Instead, he's back swimming with real enthusiasm at the advanced age of 28.

Recently, Vencill moved. As he patiently walked yet another reporter through the details of his case, he was unpacking box after box. In one, he came upon the very bottle of multivitamins that caused him so much trouble. He'd kept it for four years, like a talisman. "When I'm ready to throw it away, I will," he muses, adding that there couldn't be a better time and place to do so than next August, at the Olympics in Beijing. 

Merrell Noden, a former staff writer at Sports Illustrated, covered the 1988, '92, and '96 Olympics for the magazine.

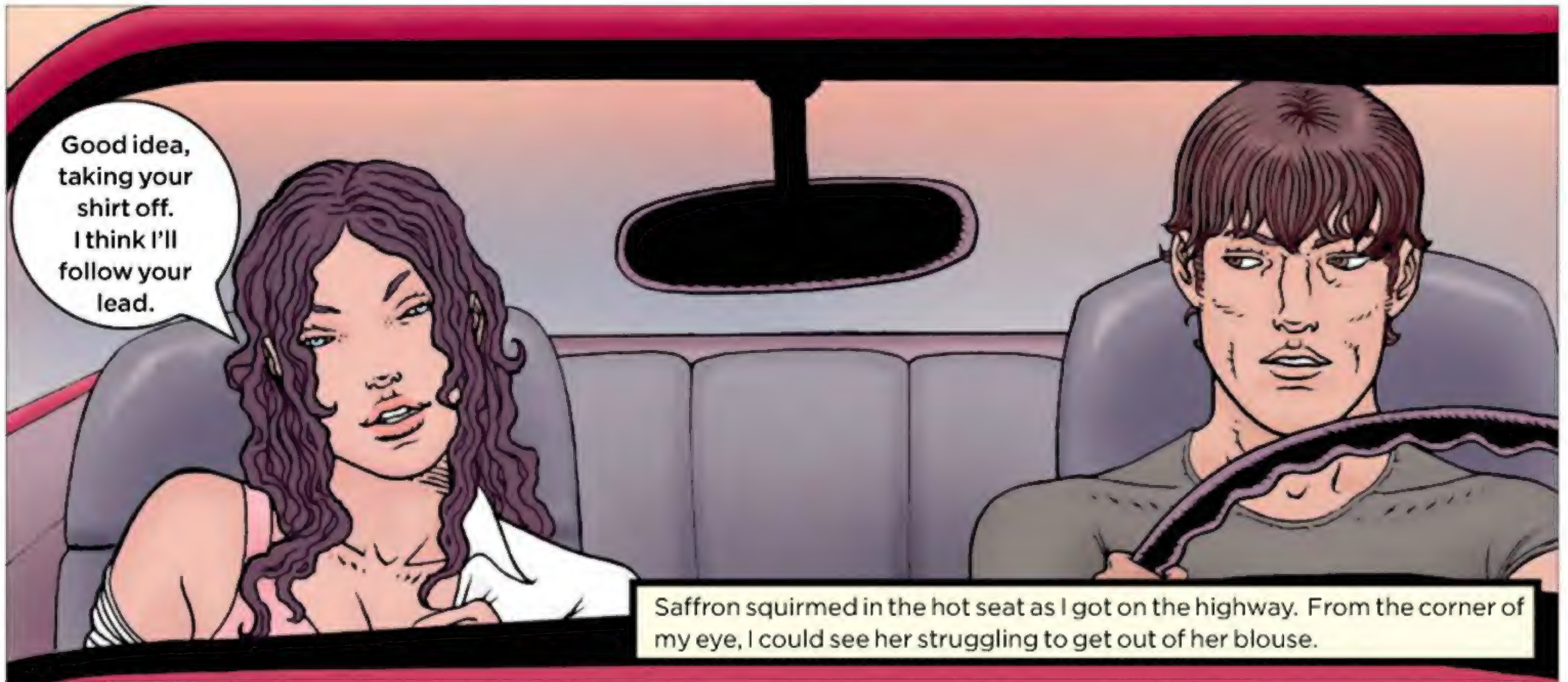


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I couldn't think straight. All I wanted to do was pull her hot body against mine and get all primitive with her. She led us to a deserted barn in the woods. I parked the car and she put her hand on my thigh, sliding it upward until she had a firm grip on my rock-hard cock.



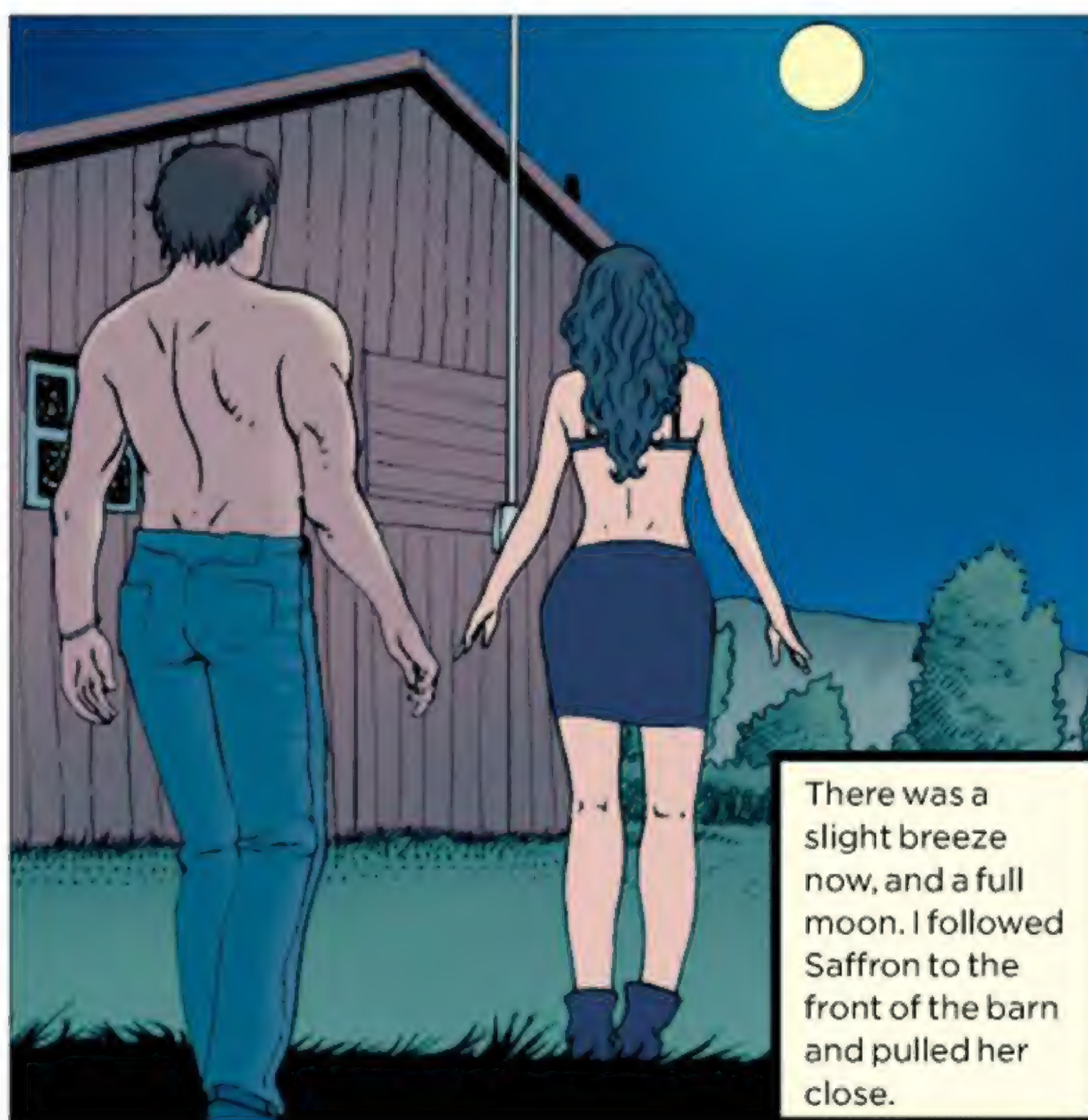
Now, doesn't that feel good?



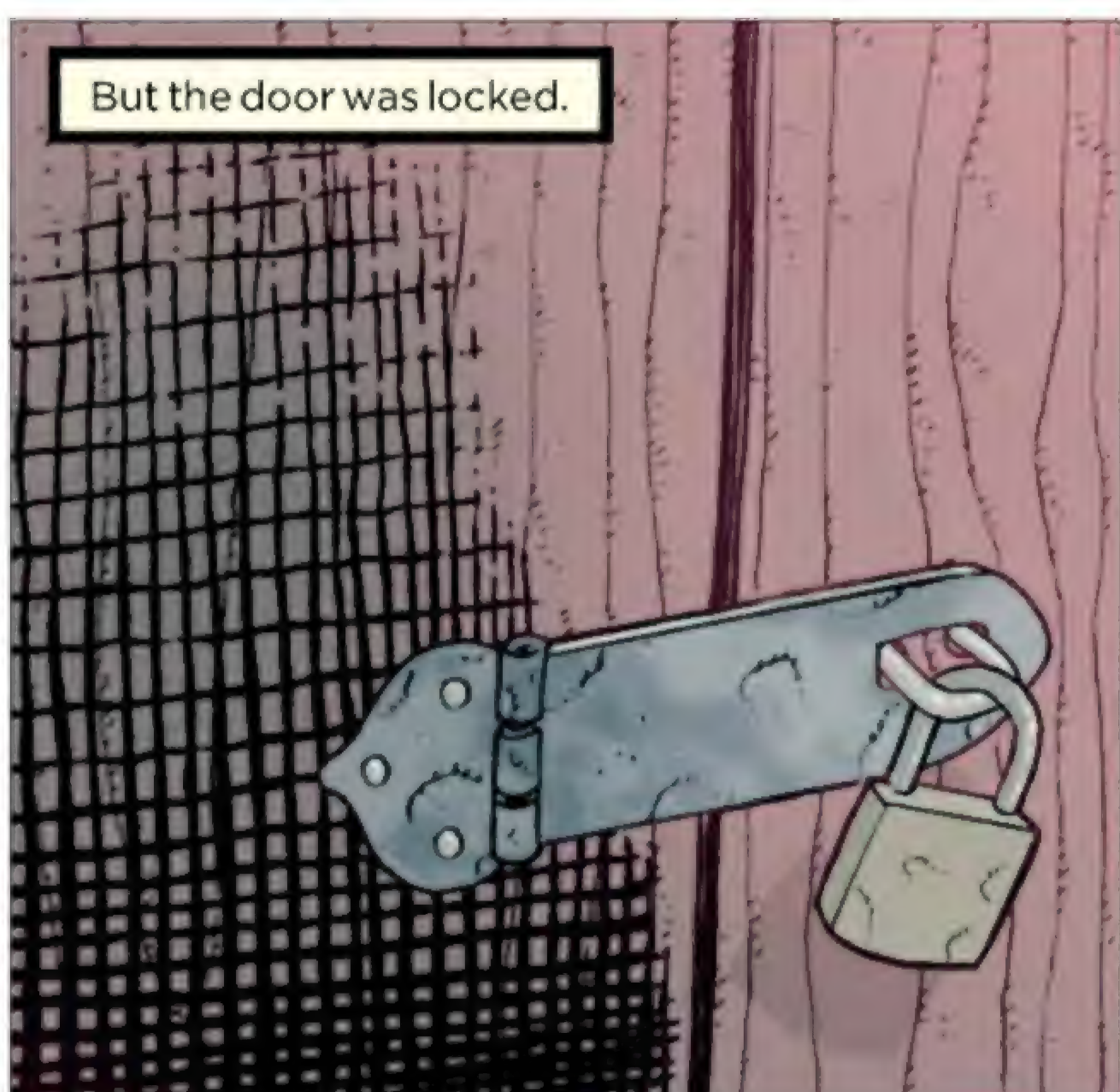
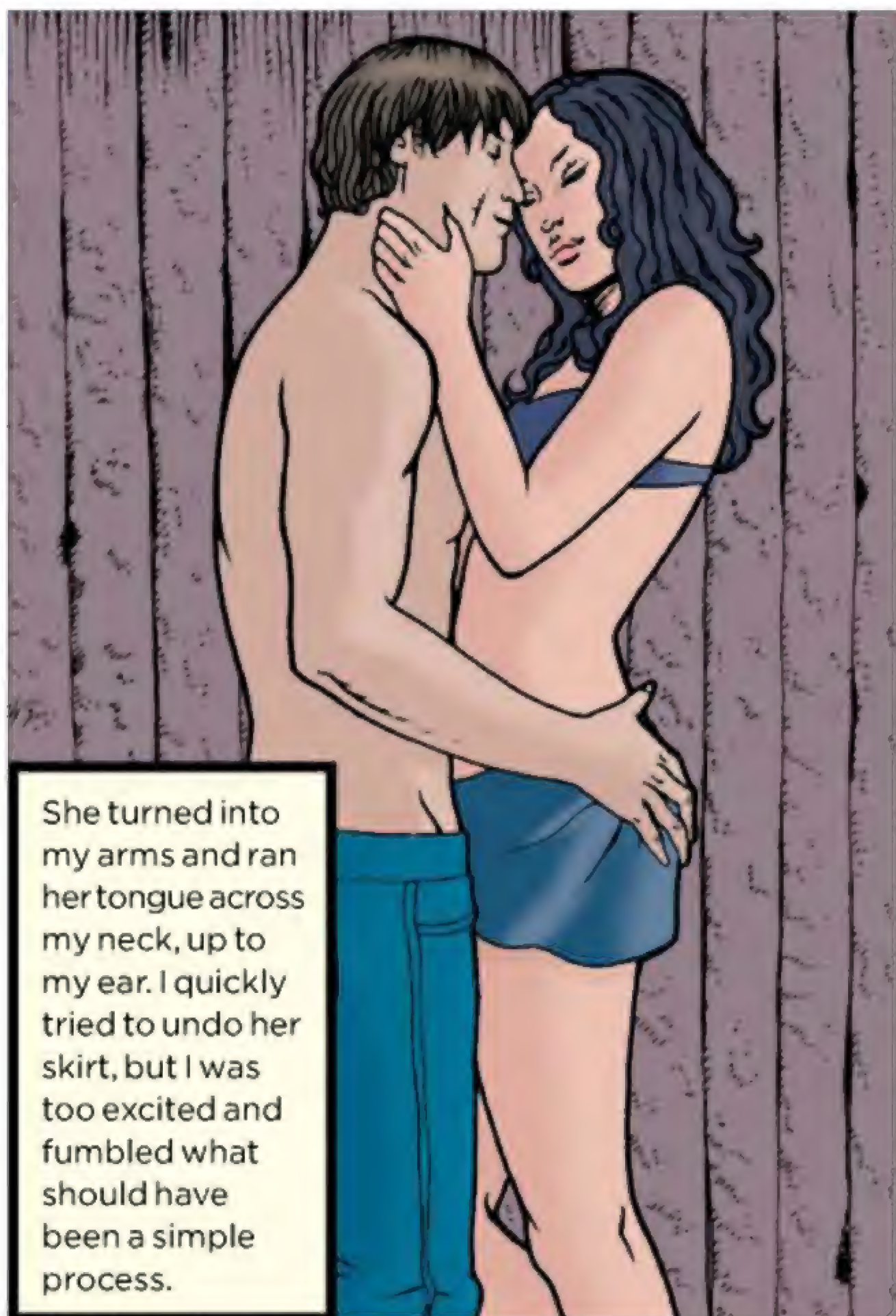
She teased me with a brief kiss. I ran my hand down the front of her body. She was drenched with sweat. She sat back and removed her camisole, revealing her bra—and a first-rate set of tits.

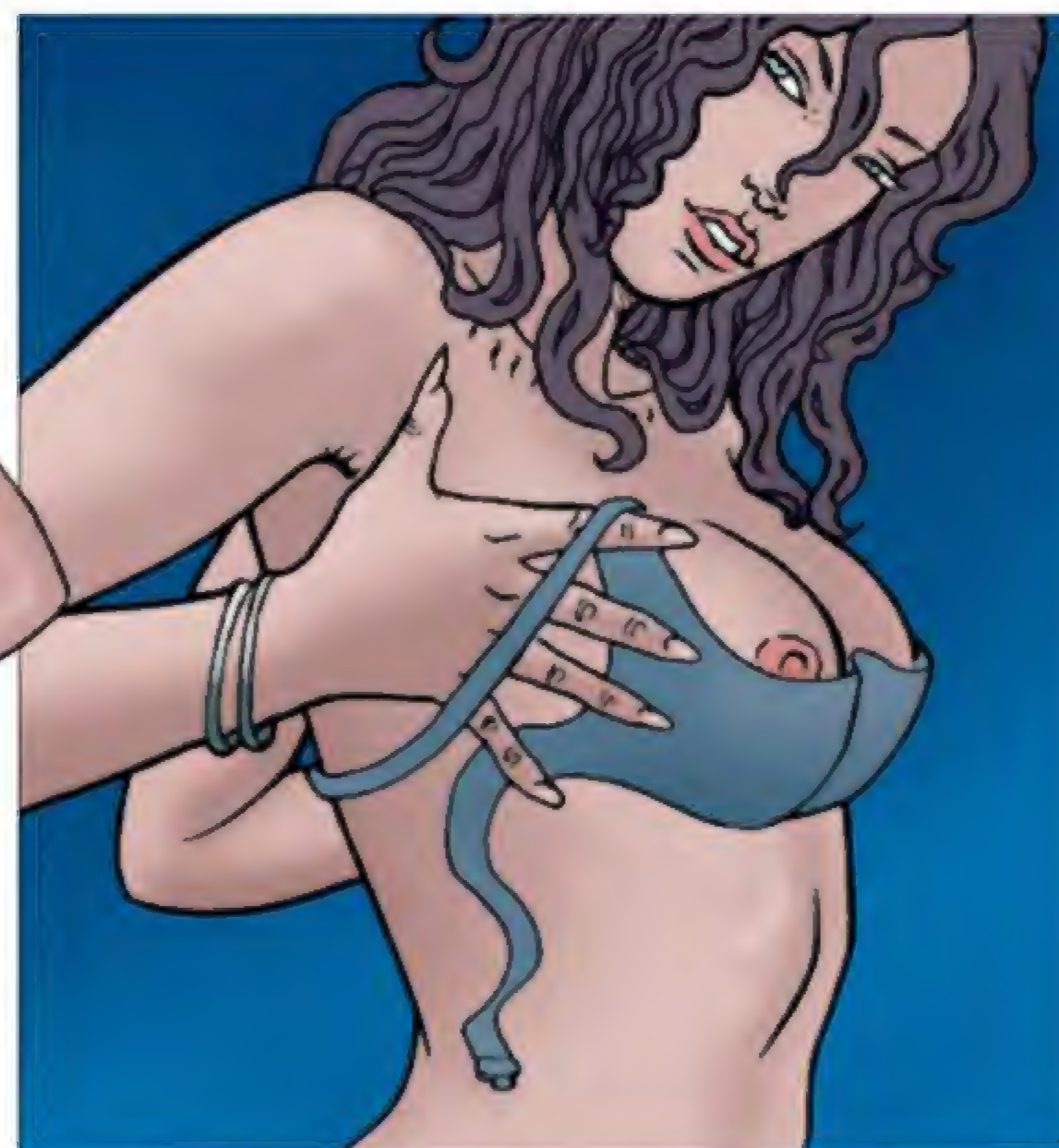
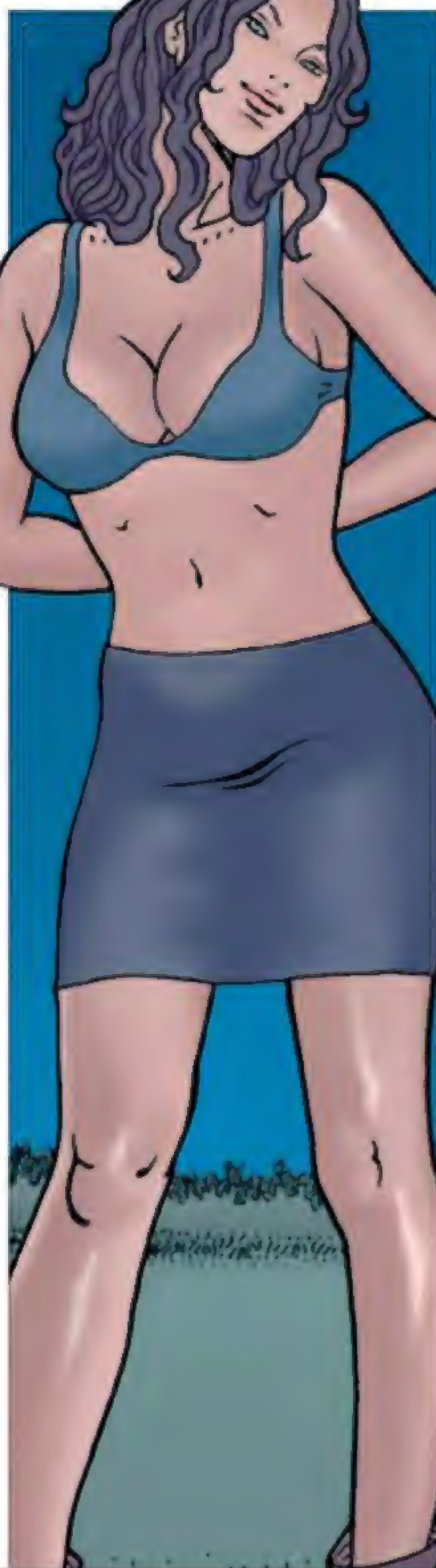


Let's get out of the car for a bit and enjoy the night air.

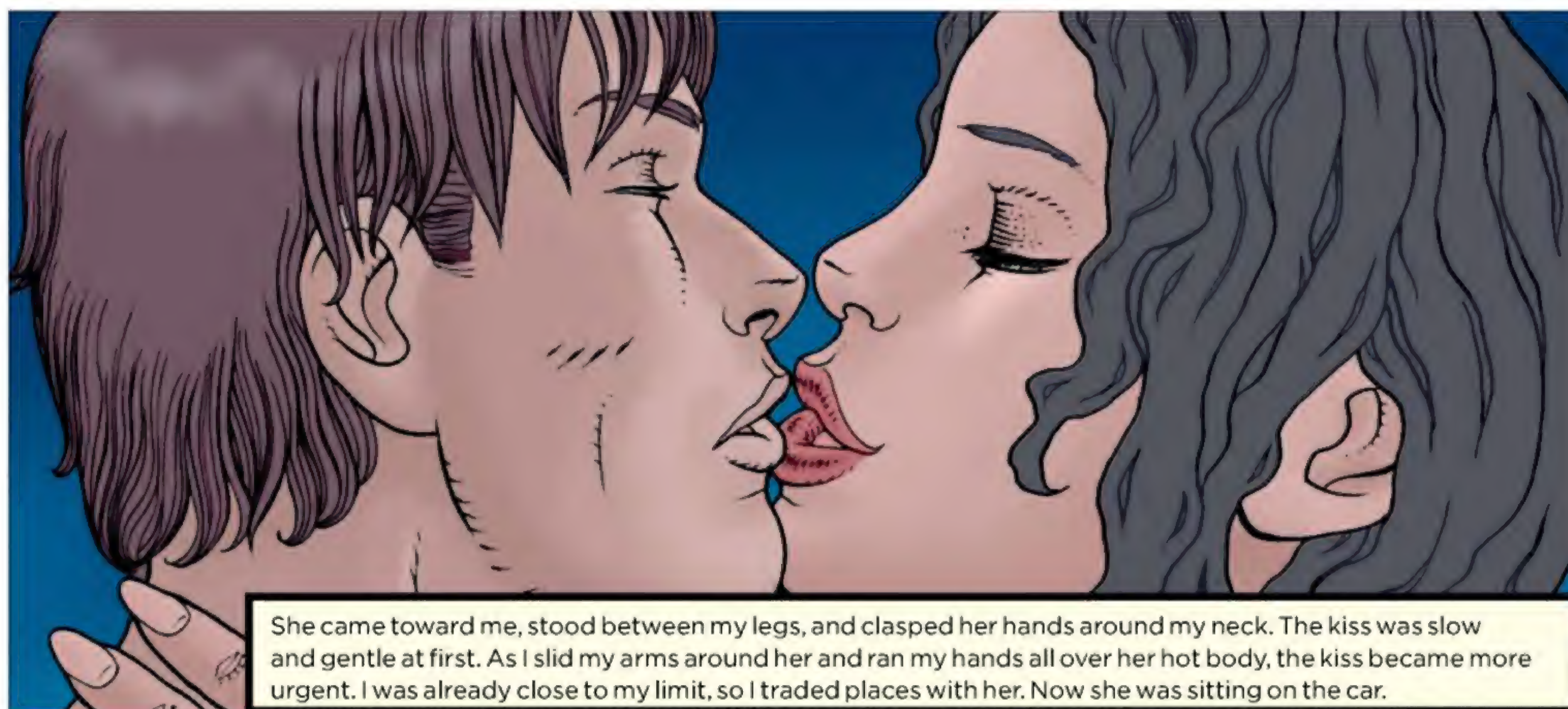


There was a slight breeze now, and a full moon. I followed Saffron to the front of the barn and pulled her close.





I took off my shoes and pants before leaning against the hood of the car. Saffron did a slow, sexy striptease complete with bumps and grinds that almost made me explode. She reached back, unhooked her bra, and let it slide off her shoulders. Then she hooked her thumbs into her skirt and pulled it down.





Okay,
Jesse—time
to play.



Oh, don't
worry—I'm
down for
some fun.



Saffron held my
cock and guided
me home. I began
rapidly pumping
in and out of her,
pushing her to the
limit with each
powerful thrust.
She was writhing
under me and
begging me not
to stop. I kept at
it until I felt her
muscles tighten
around my cock
and we both cried
out our release.
We were breathing
hard, drenched in
sweat, and ready
for more.



Hmm,
that was just
what I needed.
How about a re-
match at my place?
I'll even throw in
a shower!

How can
I refuse?



STYLING BY HANNAH KENDALL; MAKEUP BY DEHX; HAIR BY YUJI

Union bacc

*Up along the Pacific Coast Highway, past the clam shacks
and the rock-star beach houses,
Kina Kai and Jana Jordan find a quiet stretch of Malibu where
a couple of girls can really unwind.*

Photographs by Rachael Durz



“People take pictures of the summer, just in case someone thought they had missed it, and to prove that it really existed.”—*the Kinks*








“The girls on the beach
are all within reach if you
know what to do.”—
the Beach Boys





A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair standing on a sandy beach. She is looking down with her eyes closed. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved, ribbed tank top that is pulled down to her waist, revealing her chest. She is also wearing a silver chain necklace with a black, curved pendant. The background shows the ocean with white-capped waves under a bright sky.

“The ocean breathes
salty, won’t you carry
it in? In your head, in
your mouth, in your soul.”
—*Modest Mouse*





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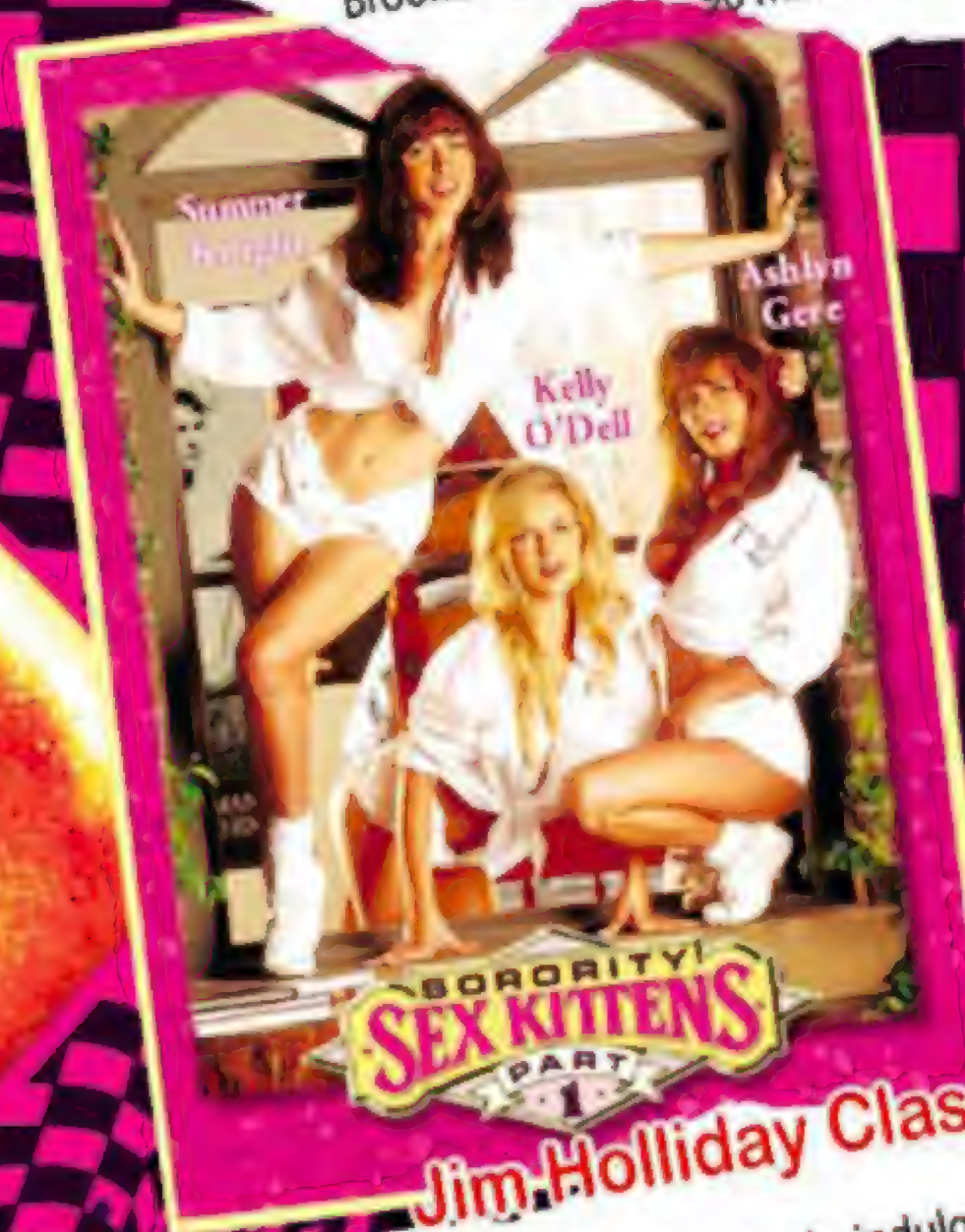
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Your Chemical Romance

Is it love or is it the alkaloid phenylethylamine? The good doctor explains the difference between passion and science. By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LESTER LEFKOWITZ

We've all been infatuated at some point in our lives; remember your first middle-school crush? But what we imagine to be love is often little more than a flood of chemicals to our brains that increase our desire to have sex—and make babies—with the object of our fascination.

These feelings are primarily caused by the alkaloid phenylethylamine (PEA). Since PEA increases the

levels of dopamine (the "feel-good" hormone) and norepinephrine (the precursor to adrenaline) in our brains, we feel euphoria, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, and a rush of motivation—effects similar to those produced by cocaine or speed. In fact, MRI scans of individuals taken when they are

thinking about their crushes show similar brain activity to the scans of drug addicts thinking about their favorite narcotic. It is not surprising, then, that poets often describe their passions in the same terms as a heroin abuser might describe the rush of his latest fix.

Our brains lose the ability to make rational decisions when they're flooded with PEA, so *limerence* (the involuntary state of being infatuated)

may be the cause of many tragic romantic outcomes (think Romeo and Juliet), as well as spontaneous and subsequently failed relationships or marriages (think Britney Spears and Kevin Federline). Limerence is not love, no matter how much we giddily believe it to be. It is pure brain chemistry, and it ignores the possibility that the object of our infatuation may be absolutely unsuitable as a long-term lover. However, limerence can *lead* to love by keeping a couple together long enough for them to develop a deep intimacy and attachment.

If you are currently suffering from a bad case of limerence, seeking a quick cure is futile. But understanding the phases you will go through can be helpful, even when you're in the throes of passion.

POETS OFTEN DESCRIBE INFATUATION IN THE SAME TERMS THAT HEROIN ABUSERS USE FOR THEIR LATEST FIX.

Phase 1 ATTRACTION

You suddenly notice how hot she is: You are stricken by the inflection in her voice, the tilt of her head, or the brightness of her smile—it doesn't matter which characteristic triggered your infatuation, it's the PEA talking. In your muddled thinking, she has become the special one, the girl you have been longing for. As dopamine and adrenaline flood your brain, you feel euphoric and are unable to sleep.

Phase 2 OBSESSION

You are becoming addicted to the dopamine rush. You think of her constantly; she seems to permeate your every thought. You relish every moment spent in her presence, fantasize about your encounters with her, and live in heightened expectation of the next contact.

Phase 3 IDEALIZATION

You find her absolutely perfect. Through a process called *crystallization*, her attractive characteristics are emphasized and her unattractive characteristics are given little or no attention. At this point, you're unable to see any flaws she might have, as you are blinded by her erotic halo—thanks to those copious chemical releases in your fevered brain.

Phase 4 EMOTIONAL ROLLER COASTER

You vacillate between hope and despair: One minute you feel there is a possibility of reciprocity; the next minute an agonizing doubt sets in and you fear that your love will be unrequited. Feelings of mutuality lead to ecstasy; rejection leads to despair. In this stage you feel sustained alertness, buoyancy, and an enormous energy reserve to aid in your pursuit. The sensation of limerence, with its cocktail of brain drugs, is now in full bloom.

Phase 5 REALIZATION

No matter how intense this sweet torment is, it won't last forever. Your brain simply cannot maintain this high hormonal output for a prolonged period of time. In the average case, limerence lasts one to two years. If your feelings are reciprocated and you shack up with the object of your affection, expect the peak of the limerent stage to last about 18 months to three years. In that time, as you and your lover become more familiar and comfortable with each other, you may develop feelings of attachment that will slowly replace the obsession of limerence. The warm and fuzzy feeling of attachment is mediated by the hormone oxytocin—the same chemical that is released after orgasm. Attachment is both the successor and the antidote to limerence, as the latter hinges on novelty and uncertainty and the former on comfort and familiarity.


If your love is unrequited, you will go through a withdrawal phase that could last a couple of years. During this phase you may feel despondent and depressed, and it may seem like you will never be able to fall in love again. But you will, as time heals

all wounds. Either way, you will eventually recoup your equanimity.

Meanwhile, enjoy the intense, insane, and incredible feeling of falling in love. If you are creative, channel your passionate angst into a creative outlet, such as writing poems, composing music, or drawing: Limerence is responsible for some of the greatest art in human history. Because dopamine appears to enhance our ability to concentrate, use it to get in shape, lose weight, or pursue a goal you've been putting off. Revel in your newfound energy and tell yourself that *que sera, sera*. If your limerence never turns into true, satisfying love, remember: 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTY IMAGES

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a bouquet of white roses. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some showing their full, ruffled petals. The hand is visible at the bottom, holding the green stems which are wrapped in a light-colored material. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

Ask Dr. Z

Mr. Softee

Lately my erections have not been as strong, and sometimes my penis goes soft while I am screwing my girlfriend. I know that Viagra and other drugs may help, but I have never been big on pharmaceuticals. Is there anything I can do naturally to make my erections as strong as they once were? I would love to impress my girl by doing her several times in one night, with the rock-solid hard-on I used to sport all the time.

Unfortunately, nothing can bring back the easy hard-ons of youth. However, you can definitely improve your erections without choking down little blue pills. What you need to do is improve your blood circulation with a combination of exercise and proper diet. Any kind of workout will enhance blood flow as long as you do it regularly. To get the nourishment your penis needs, go for foods that are high in omega-3 fatty acids, such as mackerel and salmon, and rich in L-arginine, such as granola, oatmeal, nuts, dairy products, greens, root vegetables, garlic, ginseng, soybeans, and chickpeas. Generally, anything that is good for your heart is also good for your penis! However, fat is also necessary for the production of critical sex hormones, including testosterone and estrogen. Olive oil, salmon, and nuts are optimal sources of "good," erection-enhancing (and healthy) fats. Weight loss also results in increased testosterone, so watch your calories. If you hit the gym regularly and let your penis's needs dictate your grocery list, you won't stay soft for long.

Jerk-off jealousy

My wife goes crazy when she finds me masturbating! The other day she walked in while I was playing with myself in the shower and she totally freaked. We have a good sex life and I keep her satisfied, but sometimes I just enjoy a quick release. Why do women get so insecure about their men jerking off once in a while? And what can I do to persuade her that sometimes I just feel like getting off without having to deal with sex?

For women, sex is intertwined with issues of sex appeal, intimacy, and closeness. When she finds you engaging in self-love, she may think that you no longer find her attractive and resort to masturbation because your sex life with her is unsatisfactory. She also may feel that by taking matters into your own hands, you are depriving her of her own sexual enjoyment and her chance to pleasure you. Although most women do masturbate, they do so less frequently than men; and unlike men, masturbation does not reduce her desire or ability to have intercourse. She may think that a shower jerk-off means you won't be able to get it up that day for her.

To get her more comfortable with your self-pleasuring, try involving her by using masturbation in your regular sex life. Encourage her to masturbate for you while you are playing with yourself, or to pose, strip, or talk dirty to you while you masturbate. Learn to get her off, and promise her that for every time you go for a one-handed quickie, you will give her an orgasm with your fingers or her favorite toy—because you want her to always have the same satisfaction that you get. Make sure that when you do masturbate in front of her, you express a lot of affection and tenderness. Tell her she is the only woman for you, so she associates masturbation with the intimacy she craves. Of course, you should tell her that you always think of her while you are playing with yourself—whether that's true or not! 

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WOMEN AT WORK

Girls Get It On

(AbbyWinters.com) **1111**

Forget the plucked, shaved, and siliconized fembots of southern California's Porn Valley—there's a whole world of luscious ladies lining up to have sex on film for your pleasure. This disc from Abby Winters has a lot going for it: All the actresses are amateurs, so the sex is fun, seems like less of a job than usual, and—perhaps most important—is realistic. Another refreshing quality is that the girls are actual card-carrying lesbians, not gay-for-pay ringers. In the first of this disc's two scenes, Ava and Liandra get down while getting dirty in a bathtub. Liandra gets her asshole and pussy fingered from behind, and it's a huge turn-on watching these bona fide lesbians. The second, less satisfying scene offers an attractive Asian and her partner rewriting the book of love in a library. Expect slow, sexy buildups with plenty of foreplay in this out-of-the-ordinary flick.

THE MASADA THE MERRIER

Assraelis

(Tightfit) **1111**

Assraelis speaks the international language of cheesy plot twists, crappy dialogue, and bad puns, but this most anticipated ethnic release of the year also boasts one of the most original ideas: hot Israeli gals fucking and sucking in the great outdoors. Even though it opens with the tried-and-true "horny cabbie on the prowl" shtick, *Assraelis* breaks new ground in other ways, namely with its able and energetic female cast. Brunette May Buskila, who's in three scenes, is the main reason to give this a spin. Sandy-haired Alma Fauck is attractive by Western standards and is a great on-screen fuck as well, and the ridiculously named Rony Pornstar shines when she takes on four men on a park bench. This is one to check out, not just for the novelty of its cast but also for the extras: three bonus solo jerk-off scenes, a photo gallery, and trailers for other Tightfit productions.

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Hands off

X-RATED VIDEO

By Eric Darville

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"A LUST SUPREME"



Penthouse Pick

Asia Noir 5: A Lust Supreme

(Ethnicity Films) **1111**

Director David Aaron Clark, who is well-known among the porn cognoscenti for his taste in Asian cuties, deepens his reputation: *Asia Noir 5* teams a series of heavy-hitting black bucks with some of the most beautiful Asian women in the biz. Starring as the main piece in an exceedingly well-executed film-within-a-film, cover girl Tia Tanaka works in three of the disc's half-dozen scenes. At first she takes on Dick James in a men's room, where she gets stuffed on the sink after swallowing James's long meat. Later, she goes the distance in a boxing-ring three-way with Sledge Hammer and Tyler Knight. Tanaka's best work is with Mr. Marcus as she ably slides his big cock down her gullet in a B.J.-only scene that's unfortunately left unresolved. The film's final, extremely satisfying scene brings to life a widely held male fantasy that we won't spoil for you. Clark is a talented bastard who's rapidly gaining popularity and accolades—proven by *Asia Noir 5* winning Best Ethnic-Themed Release at the 2007 *Adult Video News* Awards. Very well deserved. **O+**

1111

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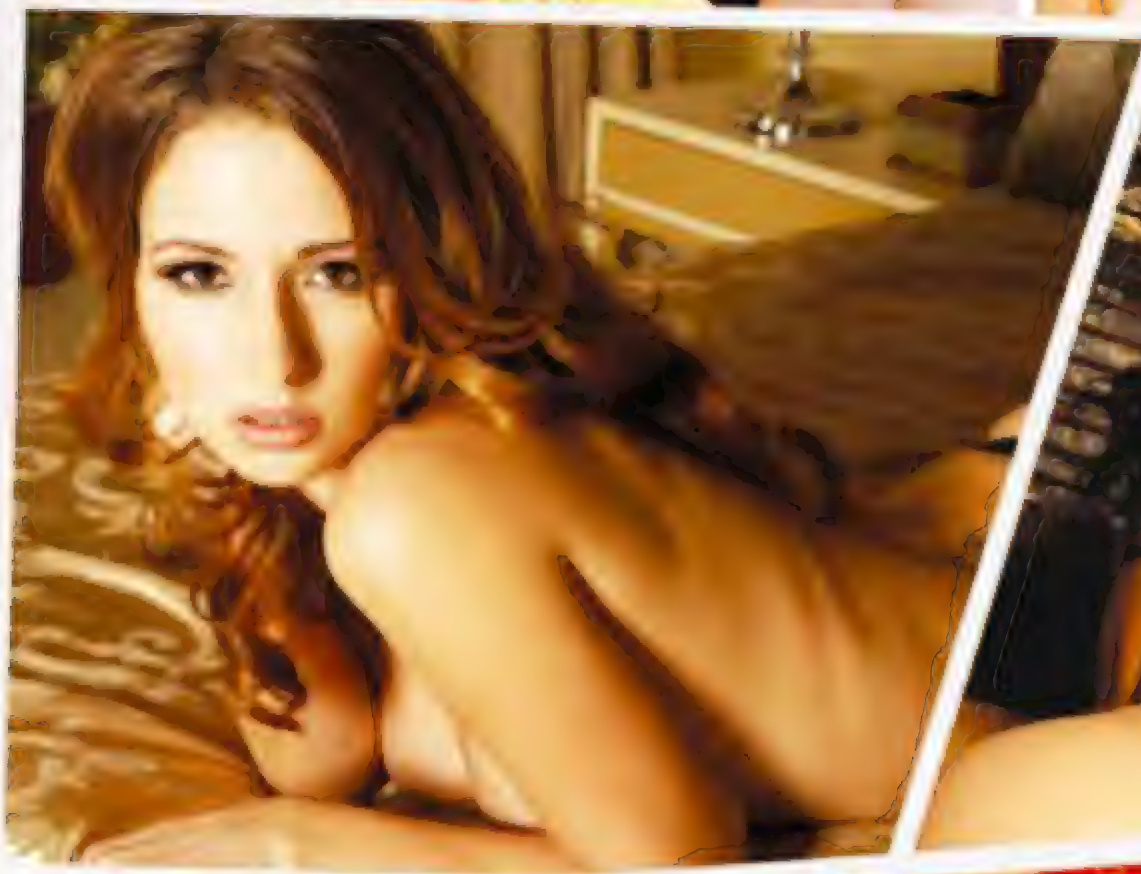
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Risky Business

When it comes to sex, how much are you willing to risk?

I've always been a bit of a gambler. When I was a teenager, I played blackjack with my siblings and used candy as stakes. I played well enough to develop a mouthful of cavities and a gambling habit by the time I was legally permitted to enter casinos. Nowadays, even the bedroom has become somewhat of a players club because, as I've learned, even sex can be a gamble. Whether I'm experimenting with a new position, person, or toy, I never know whether I'm going to win or lose. Winning can come in the form of a satisfied partner, orgasms, a new fuck buddy, even love! But the losses can be harder to take when your pride and genitals are at stake.

I think I've gambled with sex a little more than your average Jill. As a sex columnist, it is my duty to inform you of things that will rock your world/loins and things you should avoid, and I can't do that until I try them out first. (You have absolutely no idea the kinds of risks I take so you can have better sex, dear reader.)

I once gambled on a device called the Orgasmatron or Vibratron or some kind of "tron" that was supposed to make me come like no tomorrow. All I had to do was slap a pair of electrodes on my ankles, flip the switch, and let my boyfriend have at me. The electrical current that started at my feet was supposed to provide stimulation to my sexual

nerves, pushing me toward a pre-orgasmic plateau so that the slightest touch to my hoo-ha would create intense waves of pleasure. But once I flipped it on, all I felt were intense waves of electricity that were neither pleasurable nor conducive to my man getting anywhere near my crotch, lest I punch him for trying to do me while I was being electrocuted. Aside from masochists, I'm fairly certain that anyone who takes a gamble with that particular device will not come out ahead—and not come at all.


As with most sex gambles, there are winners and losers. For one couple, adding a *trois* to their *ménage* might spice up their sex life and open them up to trying other new experiences, or they might even be able to forge an awesome three-person arrangement. For another couple, however, it might bring up trust issues and feelings of jealousy or inadequacy that could ultimately destroy their relationship. You might

IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO KNOWING WHEN TO HOLD 'EM AND WHEN TO FOLD 'EM—AND I DON'T MEAN HER LEGS WHILE YOU'RE BOFFING HER.

get turned on by the thought of your wife having sex with another man, but seeing it might freak you out, causing you to resent your wife and making her feel guilty and ashamed. The point is, the skill of the sex gambler all boils down to knowing when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em—and I'm not talking about what to do to her legs while you're boffing her.

Sex gamblers don't know when to quit and walk away while they're still ahead. They're always looking for that one extra blowjob, a girlfriend on the side, or a good story to one-up their friends. But greed combined with lust can be a recipe for disaster. Any man who's been caught doing his wife's best friend knows that. He could have won had he stayed (faithful), but he hit (it) and busted (out of the marriage).

A good sex gambler always considers the variables, just like the high rollers in Vegas. First, there's the wager. Consider what's really at stake: your relationship? Your erection? Your pride? And mull over whether you'd be okay if you lost it. Then, weigh the predictability. Do you know someone who's made this gamble? Have you read about it in an issue of *Penthouse*, perhaps? What was the outcome? And finally, are the odds in your favor?

Keep in mind that the house always has the advantage; in this case, the "house" is the storyteller who can later recount this tale to his friends. (A good story trumps all.) Once everything is considered, you'll have your expected value for both the payout and the loss, and you can use that information to either bet it all or take your money and run. Good luck. 



CABIN FEVER

It was my ex-husband's turn to take the kids for the Fourth of July weekend, so ten minutes after he picked them up, I was on my way to my parents' cabin for three days of relaxation by myself.

I arrived at the cabin late Friday evening, slept late on Saturday morning, then spent the afternoon sunbathing on the deck. My big plan for Saturday night was to curl up on the sofa with my vibrator, a glass of wine, and a movie. Little did I know how much my plan would change when a couple pulled up to the cabin next door. An hour later, they came over to introduce themselves. Samantha and Juan invited me to join them that evening for burgers and a soak in their hot tub. Samantha was a beautiful blonde with amazing green eyes and a stunning figure, and Juan was a fine-looking Latino with rippling muscles and a killer body. How could I refuse? I could hook up with my vibrator any old time, and Juan would do wonders for my fantasies!

We had a great time. The food was good, the drinks better. After dinner, Samantha opened a bottle of wine and we all climbed into the hot tub. From our dinner conversation I knew that Samantha was divorced, but I was curious about Juan. I asked them

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how long they'd been together and Juan said they met a year ago at a swingers' party. They'd both arrived with different partners, but ended up leaving together. Samantha said Juan possessed incredible stamina and knew just how to use his impressive cock. Hmm ... good looking *and* gifted in the sack.

We finished the rest of the wine and then Samantha suggested we all take off our suits to reap the full benefit of the jets. Right. She just wanted Juan to show off for me—and I was just horny enough from the wine and watching him walk around shirtless that I was the first one out of my bikini. My instincts were right on the money. Juan had the longest, thickest cock I'd ever seen.

"Juan would have no problem handling both of us," Samantha said. "Are you up for it?"

Of course I was! I knelt down, took hold of his cock, and rubbed the huge head over my lips before taking him into my mouth. As I sucked on his massive dick, Samantha caressed my pussy and said she was going to get me nice and wet for Juan. Then she ran her tongue over my clit and I

MY BIG PLAN FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WAS TO CURL UP ON THE SOFA WITH MY VIBRATOR, A GLASS OF WINE, AND A MOVIE.

almost creamed all over her lips. Just when I thought my legs would turn to jelly, Juan and Samantha pulled me over to a deck chair. Juan sat down and helped me straddle the chair. Samantha guided Juan's cock to my pussy and I felt him push against my love hole.

"Oh, my God!" I cried as I slowly lowered myself and he filled me to the max. I sat motionless for a moment, savoring his full girth. And then I went wild! With Juan's hands gripping my ass cheeks, I began the ride of my life. Within minutes I was coming all over Juan's cock and balls, and I wanted more! I rode him so hard, I thought the chair might collapse beneath us.

Samantha was standing beside us with her bathing suit off, rubbing her clit, so I brushed her fingers

aside and rubbed her little pearl as I rocked myself to two more gorgeous orgasms.

Juan easily carried me inside the cabin to the bedroom. He set me on the bed, pulled me to my knees, and began drilling me doggie-style. Then Samantha took up the same position right next to me and Juan proceeded to take turns, fucking us both with equal enthusiasm. This guy was phenomenal. I lost count of how many times he made me come.

When Juan finally erupted, it was all over Samantha's tits. His cream looked so good, I didn't hesitate to lick up every last drop, which immediately led to some unbridled girl-on-girl loving with Samantha. I made my way down between Samantha's legs and ate pussy for the first time in my life. It was an amazing experience, especially when Samantha expertly maneuvered us into a sixty-nine.

The three of us fucked late into the night and were back at it on Sunday afternoon—and again that night. Monday afternoon, it was just one-on-one with Juan in my cabin. We fucked in just about every position until, fully satiated, I collapsed in exhaustion.



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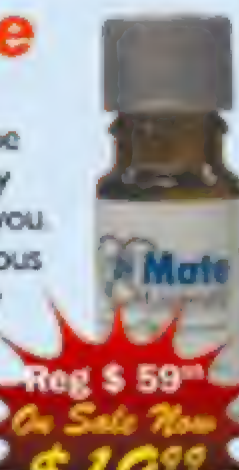
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All in all, that turned out to be my best weekend at the cabin.—G.J.
Minnesota

HOT HEAD

A few weeks ago, my coworkers and I flew to California for our firm's annual awards gala. It's always a fun weekend, but this last one was by far the best and the most memorable.

After meeting up with five of my coworkers for drinks at the airport bar, we boarded our flight. We'd all requested aisle or window seats, so we were spread out throughout the plane. Twenty minutes into the flight, I noticed this gorgeous guy staring at me from across the aisle. I'm just about six feet in flats, with dark hair, green eyes, and a body toned by regular hours at the gym, so I'm accustomed to guys' stares. But this one couldn't take his eyes off me. I quickly sized him up and determined that he was definitely flirt-worthy.

Opting to have a little fun on my way back from the bathroom, I deliberately bumped into his shoulder, then stopped to apologize. I flashed him my best smile and rubbed his upper arm before returning to my seat. I never gave him a chance to respond, but I got a really good look

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE FLIGHT, I CLOSED MY EYES AND FANTASIZED ABOUT RUBBING MY HANDS OVER HIS BALD HEAD.

at him. He had olive skin, strong facial features, and a shaved head, which for me is the ultimate in sexiness. He got extra points for the broad shoulders and firm biceps. For the remainder of the flight, I closed my eyes and fantasized about rubbing my hands over his bald head while he tongue-fucked me silly.

When we landed, I had to pass him again to get to the exit, but this time I felt his hand brush against my ass. I didn't think I could get any wetter, but that little encounter had my panties soaked. I looked back and smiled seductively at him, wishing that I didn't have to catch up with my colleagues. I would much rather hook up with baldy and have wild hot sex with him for the rest of the night. Instead, I met my coworkers and we shared rides to our hotel. While checking in, someone suggested we

meet at the hotel bar for drinks later. I went to my room to shower and change, then decided to head down early to look around.

I walked into the bar and thought my prayers had been answered. There was my wet dream—looking hotter than ever. I took the stool next to him, ordered a drink, and introduced myself. It turned out that Tony and I worked for the same firm, but he was new and worked out of a different office, which explained why I'd never seen him before.

We started chatting, and it wasn't long before Tony's hand was on my thigh, stroking my leg. I rested my hand on his leg and lightly traced the muscles with my fingers. I could tell by the growing bulge in his pants that he was as attracted to me as I was to him. Now, I'm no slut, but I wanted to caress his smooth skull and suck his cock so bad that I whispered my room number in his ear and gave his cock a light squeeze before leaving the bar.

I returned to my room and left the door slightly ajar, confident that he'd follow my lead. I was about to raid the wet bar when I felt strong hands on my waist. I turned and Tony pulled me toward him for a devastating





kiss. If he hadn't been holding me so tight, I might have swooned. Instead, I pulled away from him and began to strip his clothes off so I could run my hands over his heavily muscled body. I undid his pants and his rigid cock sprang free. I ran my tongue around the huge head and he let out a deep moan. I slipped the head of his cock into my mouth and sucked hard while stroking his shaft. When I began fondling his balls, his moans grew louder. Moments later, his hot come filled my throat.

Then it was my turn and he couldn't undress me fast enough. In his haste, buttons flew off my shirt as he tore it open. He undid my bra without incident and immediately began swirling his tongue around my swollen nipples, sending ripples of pleasure right through me, making me weak in the knees.

Tony scooped me up into his arms and laid me on the bed. We quickly pulled off our remaining clothes, and he went straight to my pussy. It was even better than I'd imagined on the flight. Tony went to town sucking and

licking my clit. He had a long, flexible tongue and slow, steady fingers that seemed to be everywhere at once, wringing multiple orgasms out of me. And then there was his bald head—the smooth skin felt incredible under my fingers, and that alone was enough to make me come.

I'd barely recovered from the oral attention when he slipped two fingers into my pussy, curled them just right, and hit my G spot! What a rush! When I finished thrashing and

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crying out, I actually felt sorry for the guy and hoped that I hadn't scared him off. But he was still there, smiling at me, waiting until I calmed down. I regained my focus and pulled him toward me for a hot kiss. This guy had me so aroused that what I really wanted to do was cover his head with whipped cream and lick it off! That's right—I said I wasn't a slut, but I never said I wasn't a little kinky!


I settled for wrapping my legs around his waist and guiding his thick cock into my throbbing pussy. I love a thick cock, and this guy's was absolutely enormous. I caressed his head and felt his hot breath on my neck as he told me how good it felt to be inside me. He started thrusting in and out, slowly at first, then harder and faster, making me meet his thrusts until I finally cried out that I was coming. He came right along with me, grunting and filling my tight snatch with his load.

We lay there breathing hard, amazed at the intensity of our orgasms, when I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to be at the bar. I didn't want anyone to come looking for me, so I called one of my coworkers on his cellphone and told him I was too exhausted to come down, but I'd catch up with them in the morning.

Tony and I went on to test each

I LEFT THE DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR. I WAS ABOUT TO RAID THE WET BAR WHEN I FELT STRONG HANDS ON MY WAIST.

other's endurance all over the room, finally finishing up in the shower. We ordered a late dinner from room service and ate it in bed. Tony didn't leave my room until dawn—and that was only because I pushed him out the door.

We've already made plans to get together again when we return to New York City, and I'm going to make sure I have plenty of whipped cream on hand for when my kinky side takes over!—*Name and address withheld.* 

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HOLLYWOOD
TRIED TO
DISGUISE HER
HERITAGE, BUT
IT WAS CLEAR
THAT THIS WAS
NO ORDINARY
WHITE GIRL.



First there's the name. *Raquel*. You knew she was sexy before you even saw her. And then you did: the heavy brow, the dark almond eyes, the bronze skin, the curves—dear Lord, the curves. In an era when slim alabaster primness was normative beauty (see: Audrey Hepburn, Natalie Wood, Twiggy), the former Ms. Tejada was dark, robust, and strong. More alluring than the girl next door, far finer than the girl from the wrong side of town.

Wed at 18 to her high school sweetheart, she soon cast aside Mr. Welch, who disapproved of her ambitions, and took her kids to L.A. Raquel almost landed the role of Mary Ann on *Gilligan's Island*, but the nice girl in gingham and pigtails couldn't out-bombshell Ginger now, could she? No matter—Raquel soon became the nation's first Latina sex symbol, with a now-iconic poster for the 1966 B-movie *One Million Years B.C.* Hollywood tried to disguise her heritage with chalky makeup and peroxide, but it was clear that this was no ordinary white girl.

Raquel Welch was simultaneously a throwback and avant-garde: buxom like fifties icons Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe, yet advancing the social movements of the sixties when she appeared in interracial love scenes with Jim Brown and taking such distinctive woman-on-top roles as a dominatrix and a vengeful rape victim. Later, she would successfully sue MGM for firing her from 1982's *Cannery Row*, and was blacklisted for it. But she resurrected her career with a best-selling exercise video in 1991, in which a 51-year-old Raquel performed a 26-pose yoga sequence that preceded Hollywood's embrace of yoga by ten years.

Hot for decades, a single mom, and now a cosmetics pitchwoman at age 66, those who would dismiss Raquel as a vapid sex symbol would be wise to recall the insight of Camille Paglia, who wrote in admiration of Welch, "The world is full of big bosoms which accomplish little on their own." **O+**

Raquel Welch

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